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BRITISH VERSE

FOR

BOYS

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
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LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL



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PREFACE

All anthologies are experiments. This one is an experiment in a peculiar degree, for it undertakes to present, in three hundred pages, the whole field of so-called modern British poets, from Chaucer to Alfred Noyes, to that imaginary but oft-invoked reader, the average boy. To be exact, there are ninety-five poets, represented by two hundred and sixty-one pieces. In addition, there are notes, both general and specific, and a section devoted to references likely to be of use to the young student who is doubtful as to the meaning of technical terms, or as to the significance of historical periods, movements, or names. Moreover, both in the table of contents and in the text, every poet's date and place of birth and death are presented to the reader's eye.

Certain principles have governed the selection of the poems. In the first place the organic unity of British Poetry is illustrated by a large variety of examples representative of every period. In the second place, the following of a chronological order is expected to inculcate in the boy's mind both a sense of this vital unity, and of that diversity between periods which signifies advance or reaction. In the third place, while great names have been accorded extensive representation, many lesser writers have been included, chiefly because their work offers some special vantage-ground for the young student's consideration. Finally, and most seriously, the selection has been made with the hope that the boy of normal ability may find some reward in every piece, and, in the collection as a whole, particular pieces distinctly to his taste. This last principle has involved the introduction of some selections which are admittedly not great poetry. I believe these comparatively commonplace examples will serve to encourage the boy of small cultivation, or extreme diffidence, and, at the same time, exemplify to the keener student the difference between the popular and the great in poetry. Indeed, a faithful reading should arouse in any boy some critical sense of the more perfect work. This I believe with the more confidence because the examples chosen are

mainly works which the innate understanding of the boy or his youthful experience will have prepared him to grasp. He may find the form puzzling, or the words new, but if he will press through these to the thought or emotion that lies within the poem, he will find in every case that it is a thought or emotion which he, in common with older readers, can apprehend or appreciate. The growth of the sense for beauty is mainly what is known as a by-product.

As to the editorial matter, both the paragraphs dealing with the authors and those about the poems are undoubtedly open to the criticism "too much" or "too little". They embody only one purpose,—to guide the tentacles of the boy's mind towards the poet or his work. When these "letters of introduction" have been subjected to the test of actual use in the classroom, I hope to make them fuller if they need to be fuller, shorter if they need to be shorter, and everywhere more accurate and stimulating.

To my brother-teachers, and to all lovers of poetry and boys, I frankly appeal, in this tentative edition, for counsel, both critical and constructive, of the most impersonal and unembarrassed character. To bring the poets and the boys together is not a task for any one man, but may be well done by a consensus of sympathetic opinion.

There are many "friends and fellow-students," to use Lowell's old-fashioned phrase, to whom I owe a hearty expression of thanks for advice and other help in the making of this book. They are gratefully remembered by one who is oppressed by the thought of kindnesses he can never repay.

It is proper to mention the four publishers whose permission has been graciously accorded for the use of copyright poems: the John Lane Company, publishers of Henry Newbolt's *The Island Race*; Dodd, Mead and Company, publishers of Austin Dobson's poems; the Macmillan Company, publishers of the works of John Masefield; and the Frederick A. Stokes Company, publishers of the poems of Alfred Noyes.

D. V. T.

LAWRENCEVILLE, February, 1916.

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BRITISH VERSE FOR BOYS

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1340(?), London-London, 1400

FROM THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY
TALES

I. THE TABARD INN

WHAN that Aprillë with his schowrës swoote
The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swetë breethe
Enspired hath in every holte and heethe
The tendre croppës, and the yongë sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronne,
And smalë fowlës maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in her corages:—
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken straungë strondes,
To ferne halwes, kouthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every schirës ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seeke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,

At night was come into that hostelye
 Wel nyne and twenty in a compayne,
 Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle
 In felaweschipe, and pilgryms were they alle,
 That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
 The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
 And wel we weren esed attē beste.
 And schortly, whan the sonnē was to reste,
 So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,
 That I was of here felaweschipe anon,
 And madē forward erly for to ryse,
 To take our wey ther as I yow devyse.
 But nathēles, whil I have tyme and space,
 Or that I forther in this talē pace,
 Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
 To tellē yow al the condicioun
 Of eche of hem, so as it semede me,
 And whiche they weren, and of what degré;
 And eek in what array that they were inne;
 And at a knight than wol I first bygynne.

II. THE KNIGHT

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
 That from the tymē that he first bigan
 To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.
 Ful worthy was he in his lordēs werre,
 And therto hadde he ride[n], no man ferre,
 As wel in Christendom as in hethēnesse,
 And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
 At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne,
 Ful oftē tyme he hadde the bord bygonne
 Aboven allē naciouns in Pruce.
 In Lettowe hadde he reyzed and in Ruce,
 No Cristen man so ofte of his degré.
 In Gernade attē siegē hadde he be

Of Algesir, and riden in Belmarie.
 At Lieys was he, and at Satalie,
 Whan they were wonne; and in the Greetë see
 At many a noble arive hadde he be.
 At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
 And foughten for our feith at Tramassene
 In lystës thriës, and ay slayn his foo.
 This ilkë worthy knight hadde ben also
 Sometymë with the lord of Palatye,
 Ageyn another hethen in Turkye;
 And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
 And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
 He nevere yit no vileyne ne sayde
 In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
 He was a verray perfight gentil knight.
 But for to tellen you of his array,
 His hors was good, but he ne was nought gay.
 Of fustyan he werede a gepoun
 Al bysmotered with his habergeoun.
 For he was late ycome from his viage,
 And wentë for to doon his pilgrimage.

III. THE SQUIRE

With him ther was his sone, a young SQUVER,
 A lovyere, and a lusty bacheler,
 With lokkës crulle as they were leyd in presse.
 Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
 Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
 And wonderly delyver, and gret of strengthe.
 And he hadde ben sometyme in chivachye,
 In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,
 And born him wel, as of so litel space,
 In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
 Embrowded was he, as it were a mede
 Al ful of fresshë floures, white and reede.

Syngynge he was, or floytynge, al the day;
 He was as fressh as is the moneth of May.
 Schort was his goune, with sleevës longe and wyde.
 Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and fairë ryde.
 He cowdë songës make and wel endite,
 Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and write.
 So hote he lovedë, that by nightertale
 He sleep no more than doth a nightyngale.
 Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable,
 And carf byforn his fader at the table.

IV. THE PRIORESS

Ther was also a NONNE, a Prioesse,
 That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy;
 Hire gretteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy;
 And sche was cleped madame Eglentyne.
 Ful wel sche sang the servise divyne,
 Entuned in hire nose ful semely;
 And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
 For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.
 At mete wel i-taught was sche withalle;
 Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
 Ne wette hire fyngres in hire sauce deepe.
 Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe,
 That no drope ne fille upon hire breste.
 In curteisie was set ful moche hire leste.
 Hire overlippe wypede sche so clene,
 That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
 Of greece, whan sche dronken hadde hire draughte.
 Ful semely after hire mete sche raughte,
 And sikerly sche was of gret disport,
 And ful pleasaunt, and amyable of port,
 And peynede hire to countrefete cheere
 Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.
 But for to speken of hire conscience,

Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
 Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
 Of smale houndes hadde sche, but sche fedde
 With rosted flessh, or mylk and wastel breed.
 But sore wepte sche if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smot it with a yerde smerte:
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.
 Ful semely hire wympel i-pynched was;
 Hire nose tretys; hire eyen greye as glas;
 Hire mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed
 But sikerly sche hadde a fair forheed.
 It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
 For hardly sche was not undergrowe.
 Ful fetys was hire cloke, as I was waar.
 Of smal coral aboute hire arm sche baar
 A peire of bedes gauded al with grene;
 And theron heng a broch of gold ful schene,
 On which was first i-write a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.
 Another Nonne with hire hadde sche,
 That was hire chapeleyne, and Prestes thre.

V. THE CLERK

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
 That unto logik hadde longe i-go.
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat, I undertake;
 But lokede holwe, and therto soberly.
 Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy,
 For he hadde geten him yit no benefice,
 Ne was so worldly for to have office.
 For him was levere have at his beddes heede
 Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
 Then robes riche, or fithele, or gay sawtrie.

But al be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
 But al that he myghte of his frendes hente,
 On bookeſ and on lernyng he it spente,
 And busily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that yaf him wherwith to scoleyne,
 Of studie took he most cure and most heede.
 Not oo word spak he more than was neede,
 And that was seid in forme and reverence
 And schort and quyk, and ful of high sentence.
 Sownyng in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

VI. THE PARSON

A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a pouré PERSOUN of a toun;
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
 That Cristés gospel trewely wolde prechë;
 His parishhens devoutly wolde he techë.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in aduersitee ful pacient;
 And swich he was y-proved ofté sythés.
 Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythës,
 But rather wolde he yeven, out of doutë,
 Un-to his pouré parishhens abouté
 Of his offring, and eek of his substaunché.
 He coude in litel thing han suffisauncé.
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder,
 But he ne lafté nat, for reyn ne thonder,
 In siknes nor in meschief to visyté
 The ferreste in his parisshe, moche and lyté,
 Upon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
 This noble ensample to his scheep he yaf,
 That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte,
 Out of the gospel he tho wordës caughte,

And this figure he addede eek therto,
That if gold rustë, what schal yren doo?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewëd man to ruste;
And schame it is, if that a prest tak keep,
A filthy schepherde and a clenë scheep;
Wel oughte a prest ensample for to yive,
By his clennesse, how that his scheep schulde lyve.
He settë not his benefice to hyre,
And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seyntë Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and keptë wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it not myscarye;
He was a schepherd and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nought despitous,
Ne of his spechë daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To drawë folk to heven by fairënesse;
By good ensample, this was his busynesse;
But it were eny persone obstinat,
What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbë scharply for the nonës.
A better preest, I trowe, ther nowher non is.
He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makede him a spiced conscience,
But Cristës lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselfe.

OLD BALLADS

SIR PATRICK SPENS

I. THE SAILING

THE King sits in Dunfermline toun,
 Drinking the blude-red wine:
 “O whaur will I get a skeely skipper
 To sail this gude ship of mine?”

Then up an’ spak an eldern knight,
 Sat at the King’s right knee:
 “Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sailed the sea.”

The King has written a braid letter,
 And sealed it wi’ his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
 Was walking on the strand.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o’er the faem;
 The King’s daughter o’ Noroway,
 ’Tis thou maun bring her hame!”

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
 A loud laugh laughèd he;
 The neist line that Sir Patrick read,
 The tear blindit his e’e.

“O wha is this has dune this deed,
 And tauld the King o’ me,
 To send us out, at this time o’ year,
 To sail upon the sea?

“Be it wind or weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
 Our ship maun sail the faem;
 The King’s daughter o’ Noroway,
 ’Tis we maun bring her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monday morn
 Wi’ a’ the speed they may;
 And they hae landed in Noroway
 Upon the Wodensday.

II. THE RETURN

“Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a’!
 Our gude ship sails the morn.”
 “Now, ever alack! my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm!

“I saw the new moon late yestreen,
 Wi’ the auld moon in her arm;
 And I fear, I fear, ma master dear,
 That we sall come to harm!”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
 A league but barely three,
 Wher the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
 And gurly grew the sea.

The ropes they brak, and the topmast lap,
 It was sic a deadly storm;
 And the waves cam owre the broken ship
 Till a’ her sides were torn.

“O whaur will I get a gude sailor
 To tak’ the helm in hand,
 Until I win to the tall topmast
 And see if I can spy land?”

“It’s here am I, a sailor gude,
 To tak’ the helm in hand,
 Till ye win up to the tall topmast,
 But I fear ye’ll ne’er spy land.”

He hadna gane a step, a step,
 A step but barely ane,
 When a bolt flew out of the gude ship’s side,
 And the saut sea it cam’ in.

“Gae fetch a web o’ the silken clraith,
 Anither o’ the twine,
 And wap them into the gude ship’s side
 And let na the sea come in.”

They fetched a web o’ the silken clraith,
 Anither o’ the twine,
 And they wapped them into that gude ship’s side,
 But aye the sea cam’ in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lairds
 To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
 But lang ere a’ the play was played,
 They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
 That flattered on the faem;
 And mony was the gude lord’s son
 That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,
 Wi’ their fans into their hand,
 Or ever they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
 Wi’ their gowd kaims in their hair,
 A-waiting for their ain dear loves,
 For them they’ll see nae mair.

O, forty miles off Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lairds at his feet.

CHEVY-CHASE

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear, with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promisèd
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;"
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:—

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,—
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed;"
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed;

“And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

“That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.”

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

“Show me,” said he, “whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer.”

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy, he—
Who said, “We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

“Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay.”
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:—

“Ere thus I will out-bravèd be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,—
Lord Percy, so am I.

“But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offense, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

“Let you and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.”

“Accursed be he,” Earl Percy said,
“By whom this is denied.”

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, “I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

“That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.

You two be earls,” said Witherington,
“And I a squire alone;

“I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.”

Our English archers bent their bows,—
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet;
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

“Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said,
“In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advancèd be
By James, our Scottish king.

“Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,—
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.”

“No, Douglas,” saith Earl Percy then,
“Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.”

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,—
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:
“Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.”

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, “Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my hand.

“In truth, my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take.”

A knight amongst the Scots there was
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy’s body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both Knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe
That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee;

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,—
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain:

“O heavy news,” King James did say;
“Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.”

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

“Now God be with him,” said our King,
“Since ’twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

“Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take;
I’ll be revengèd on them all
For brave Earl Percy’s sake.”

This vow full well the king performed
After at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain
With lords of high renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
’Twixt noblemen may cease.

LORD LOVEL

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed.

“Where are you going, Lord Lovel?” she said,
“Oh! where are you going?” said she;
“I’m going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see.”

“When will you be back, Lord Lovel?” she said,
“Oh! when will you come back?” said she;
“In a year or two—or three, at the most,
I’ll return to my fair Nancy.”

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras’ bells,
And the people all mourning round.

“Oh, what is the matter,” Lord Lovel he said,
“Oh! what is the matter?” said he;
“A lord’s lady is dead,” a woman replied,
“And some call her Lady Nancy.”

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turnèd down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras’ church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover’s a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher:
So there they entwined in a true-lover’s knot,
For all lovers true to admire.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry *Well-a-way!*
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man in to her then,
To the town where she was dwellin',
"O haste and come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And when she drew the curtain by—
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."

"O it's I am sick and very very sick,
And it's all for Barbara Allen."
"O the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your heart's blood were a-spillin'!"

"O dinna ye mind, young man," says she,
"When the red wine ye were fillin',
That ye made the healths go round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin':
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking o'er the fields,
 She heard the dead-bell knellin';
 And every jow the dead-bell gave
 Cried "Woe to Barbara Allen."

"O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it saft and narrow:
 My love has died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
 And shun the fault I fell in:
 Henceforth take warning by the fall
 Of cruel Barbara Allen."

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

THERE was a youth, a well-belovèd youth,
 And he was a squire's son,
 He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
 That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy and would not believe
 That he did love her so,
 No, nor at any time would she
 Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
 His fond and foolish mind,
 They sent him up to fair London
 An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
 And never his love could see:
 Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
 When she little thought of me.

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go
Her true-love to enquire.

As she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true-love came riding by.

She started up, with a color so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she said,
Will ease me of much pain.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Pray tell me where you were born.
At Islington, kind sir, said she,
Where I have had many a scorn.

I prithee, sweet-heart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know,
The bailiff's daughter of Islington.
She is dead, sir, long ago.

If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will unto some far country,
Where no man shall me know.

O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here, alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride.

O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
 Ten thousand times therefor;
 For now I have found mine own true-love,
 Whom I thought I should never see more.

SIR EDWARD DYER

1550(?), Somersetshire-London, 1607

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

My mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such present joys therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind:
 Though much I want which most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
 No force to win the victory,
 No wily wit to salve a sore,
 No shape to feed a loving eye;
 To none of these I yield as thrall:
 For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soon do fall;
 I see that those which are aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all;
 They get with toil, they keep with fear:
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice;
 I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
 I little have, and seek no more.
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store:
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
 I grudge not at another's gain;
 No worldly waves my mind can toss;
 My state at one doth still remain:
 I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
 I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will;
 Their treasure is their only trust;
 A cloaked craft their store of skill:
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
 My conscience clear my chief defense;
 I neither seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by deceit to breed offense:
 Thus do I live; thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I!

EDMUND SPENSER

1552, London—London, 1599

TWO SONNETS

SWEET IS THE ROSE, BUT GROWS UPON A BRIER

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brier;
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
 Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
 Sweet is the fir-bloom, but his branches rough;

Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
 Sweet is the broom-flower, but yet sour enough;
 And sweet is moly, but his root is ill:
 So every sweet with sour is tempered still.
 That maketh it be coveted the more;
 For easy things, that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.

Why then should I account of little pain,
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

ONE DAY I WROTE HER NAME UPON THE STRAND

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
 But came the waves and washèd it away:
 Again I wrote it with a second hand,
 But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
 "Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain essay
 A mortal thing so to immortalize;
 For I myself shall like to this decay,
 And eke my name be wipèd out likewise."
 "Not so," quoth I; "let baser things devise
 To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;
 My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
 And in the heavens write your glorious name:
 Where, whenas Death shall all the world subdue,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew."

HOPE DEFERRED

FULL little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide;
 To lose good days, that might be better spent,
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
 To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her peers',
 To have thy asking, yet wait many years;

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

A SELECTION FROM THE FAERIE QUEENE

ENFORST to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
 Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starr;
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr.
 Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led
 Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
 The vine-proppe Elme; the Poplar never dry;
 The builder Oake, sole king of forests all;
 The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall;

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
 And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;
 The Willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
 The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
 The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill;
 The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
 The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
 The fruitful Olive; and the Platane round;
 The carver Holme; the Maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
 When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
 But wandering too and fro in waies unknowne,
 Furthest from end then when they neerest weene,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne;
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

JOHN LYLY

1554(?), London-London, 1606

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

From "Alexander and Campaspe"

CUPID and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win:
 At last he set her both his eyes—
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

1554, Kent-Netherlands, 1586

COME SLEEP! O SLEEP, THE CERTAIN KNOT
OF PEACE

COME Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low!
With shield of proof, shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease!
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me, smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland, and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART

From the "Arcadia"

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a better bargain driven:
His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides.

His heart his wound receivèd from my sight;
 My heart was wounded from his wounded heart;
 For as from me, on him his hurt did light,
 So still me thought in me his heart did smart:
 Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

1563, Warwick-London, 1631

SINCE THERE'S NO HELP, COME LET US
KISS AND PART

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
 Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
 Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

AGINCOURT

OCTOBER 25, 1415

FAIR stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;

But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
Unto him sending;
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten
Be not amazèd:
Yet have we well begun:
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd.

"And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me:

Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

“Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell:
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.”

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanguard led;
With the main Henry sped
Among his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there;
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake:
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces!

When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went—
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Brisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother;

Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight.
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made
 Still as they ran up;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
 O when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen?
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564, Canterbury-London, 1593

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my Love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

TAMBURLAINE TO CALYPHAS

THOU shalt not have a foot unless thou bear
A mind courageous and invincible:
For he shall wear the crown of Persia
Whose head hath deepest scars, whose breast most wounds,
Which being wroth sends lightning from his eyes,
And in the furrows of his frowning brows
Harbours revenge, war, death, and cruelty.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

1564, Stratford-on-Avon—Stratford-on-Avon, 1616

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

From "As You Like It"

UNDER the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat—
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets—
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

From "As You Like It"

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

From "As You Like It"

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And, therefore, take the present time
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 For love is crownèd with the prime
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS, THERE SUCK I

From "The Tempest"

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

A SEA DIRGE

From "The Tempest"

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange;
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
 Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

HARK, HARK, THE LARK

From "Cymbeline"

HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

SILVIA

From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"

WHO is Silvia? What is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

CRABBÈD AGE AND YOUTH

From "The Passionate Pilgrim"

CRABBÈD Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short;
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee;
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my Love, my Love is young!
 Age, I do defy thee:
 O, sweet shepherd, hie thee!
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

FIVE SONNETS

WHEN IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee: and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate:
 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF SWEET SILENT THOUGHT

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before:

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

FULL MANY A GLORIOUS MORNING HAVE I SEEN

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

WHEN IN THE CHRONICLE OF WASTED TIME

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

POOR SOUL, THE CENTRE OF MY SINFUL EARTH

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Foil'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men;
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

BEFORE HARFLEUR, 1415

From "Henry V"

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillness and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage.

* * * * *

Dishonor not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you called fathers did beget you:
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—and you good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge.
Cry — God for Harry! England and Saint George!

BEN JONSON

1573, London—London, 1637

TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee!

THE NOBLE NATURE

From "An Ode to Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison"

IT is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,—
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS

From "Epicōne"

STILL to be neat, still to be dressed
 As you were going to a feast;
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all the adulteries of art;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, AND WHAT HE
HATH LEFT US

1564-1616

To draw no envy, Shakspere, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither Man nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspere, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek

For names; but call forth thundering *Æschylus*,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us;
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakspere, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspere's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turnèd, and true-filèd lines;

In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPERE PREFIXED
TO THE FIRST FOLIO EDITION, 1623

THIS figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspere cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature to outdo the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, Reader, look
Not at his picture, but his book.

GEORGE WITHER

1588, Hampshire-London, 1667

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?

Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
That without them dares her woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;

If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

WILLIAM BROWNE

1591, Devonshire—Devonshire, 1643

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER
OF PEMBROKE

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

ROBERT HERRICK

1591, London—Devonshire, 1674

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting,

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, go marry:
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A SWEET disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction:
 An erring lace, which here and there
 Enthrals the crimson stomacher:
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbons to flow confusedly:
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat:
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility:
 Do more bewitch me than when art
 Is too precise in every part.

WHENAS IN SILKS MY JULIA GOES

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
 Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
 The liquefaction of her clothes!
 Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
 That brave vibration each way free,
 —O how that glittering taketh me!

TO DAFFODILS

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
 Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing.
 We die
As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM
 ANYTHING

BID me to live, and I will live
 Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
 To honor thy decree;
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have eyes to see;
 And having none, yet will I keep
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree;
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me;
 And hast command of every part,
 To live and die for thee.

HENRY KING

1592, Buckinghamshire—Sussex, 1669

LIKE TO THE FALLING OF A STAR

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood:
 Even such is Man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in and paid to night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
 The spring entombed in autumn lies;
 The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past,—and man forgot.

GEORGE HERBERT

1593, Wales-Wiltshire, 1633

VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky—
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal
Then chiefly lives.

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by—
Let us, said He, pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should, said He,
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness;
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to My breast.

THE BOSOM-SIN

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
 Parents first season us, then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,
 Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises;
 Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of Glory ringing in our ears:
 Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears!
 Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see,
 And what I do in anything
 To do it as for Thee:

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture "for Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

EDMUND WALLER

1606, Hertfordshire—Beaconsfield, 1685

ON A GIRDLE

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair!
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

JOHN MILTON

1608, London-London, 1674

FIVE SONNETS

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
 Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven:
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 16, 1652

ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS OF THE COMMITTEE
FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
 And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War; new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

1655

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies: " God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

To CYRIACK SKINNER

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes, though clear
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC
 POET, W. SHAKSPERE

WHAT needs my Shakspere for his honored bones
 The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
 Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavoring art,
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart

Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make *us* marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchered in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

1609, Middlesex-Paris, 1642

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move:
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

RICHARD LOVELACE

1618, Kent-London, 1658

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As thou too shalt adore;
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not Honor more.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates;
 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fettered to her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

JOHN DRYDEN

1631, Northamptonshire—London, 1700

UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MILTON IN THE 4TH EDITION OF "PARADISE LOST," 1688

THREE poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,

 This universal frame began:

When nature underneath a heap

 Of jarring atoms lay,

 And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

 “Arise, ye more than dead!”

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,

 In order to their stations leap,

 And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,

 This universal frame began:

From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,

His listening brethren stood around,

 And, wondering, on their faces fell

 To worship that celestial sound:

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

 Within the hollow of that shell

 That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor

 Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger,

 And mortal alarms.

The double double double beat

 Of the thundering drum

 Cries Hark! the foes come;

Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes, discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the Blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky!

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC;
AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1697

I

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son.
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne;
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
 (So should desert in arms be crowned);
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave
 None but the brave
 None but the brave deserves the fair!

CHORUS—*Happy, happy, happy pair!*
None but the brave
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair!

II

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove
 Who left his blissful seats above—
 Such is the power of mighty love!
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And while he sought her snowy breast,

Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound!
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS—*With ravished ears*
The monarch hears
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod
And seems to shake the spheres.

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS—*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,*
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
 Changed his hand and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 —With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving, in his altered soul,
 The various turns of Chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS—*Revolving, in his altered soul,
 The various turns of Chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.*

V

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee!
—The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS—*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.*

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!

See the snakes that they rear
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain:
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew!
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
 —The princes applaud with a furious joy:
 And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

CHORUS—*And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;*
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

VII

—Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down!

GRAND CHORUS—*At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
 before.*

—*Let old Timotheus yield the prize
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down!*

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

1647, Oxfordshire—Oxfordshire, 1680

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II

HERE lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
 Whose word no man relies on,
 Who never said a foolish thing,
 Nor ever did a wise one.

MATTHEW PRIOR

1664, East Dorset—Wimpole, 1721

A REASONABLE AFFLICITION

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies:
 His spouse is in despair;
 With frequent cries, and mutual sighs,
 They both express their care.

“A different cause,” says Parson Sly,

“The same effect may give:

Poor Lubin fears that he may die;

His wife, that he may live.”

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE

I SENT for Ratcliffe; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warmed the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

JOSEPH ADDISON

1672, Wiltshire—London, 1719

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator’s power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

TO MIRA, ON HER INCOMPARABLE POEMS

From the "Tatler," No. 163

I .

WHEN dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a Sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

II

I fancy, when your song you sing
(Your song you sing with so much art),
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

ISAAC WATTS

1674, Southampton-Hertfordshire, 1748

THE SLUGGARD

'Tis the voice of a sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon; I must slumber again";
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

“A little more sleep, and a little more slumber”;
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands
Or walks about saunt’ring, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
That he took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking,
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, “Here’s a lesson for me;
That man’s but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.”

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

OUR GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her fame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by Thy flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guide when troubles last,
 And our eternal home!

JOHN GAY

1685, Devonshire—London, 1732

THE LION AND THE CUB

How fond are men of rule and place,
 Who court it from the mean and base!
 These cannot bear an equal nigh,
 But from superior merit fly.
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
 There o'er some petty club preside;
 So poor, so paltry, is their pride!
 Nay, even with fools whole nights will sit,
 In hopes to be supreme in wit.
 If these can read, to these I write,
 To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
 Avoided all the lion kind;
 Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
 With asses all his time he spent,
 Their club's perpetual president.
 He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
 An ass in everything but ears!
 If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
 They grinned applause before he spoke;
 But at each word what shouts of praise!
 "Good gods! how natural he brays!"

Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the Lion starts.

“Puppy! that cursed vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.”

“Why so severe?” the Cub replies;
“Our senate always held me wise!”

“How weak is pride,” returns the sire:
“All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise.”

ALEXANDER POPE

1688, London—Twickenham, 1744

UNIVERSAL PRAYER

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives,
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume Thy bolts to throw
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
 To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride
 And impious discontent
 At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by Thy breath;
 O, lead me, whereso'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all Being raise,
All Nature's incense rise!

INSCRIBED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir,—whose dog are you?

EPIGRAM

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT

I KNOW a thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumor;
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good-humor
And sensible soft melancholy.

“Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir?”
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

TWO VIEWS OF ADDISON

I

FROM THE "EPISTLE TO MR. ADDISON," 1715

"*STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved.*"

II

FROM THE "EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT," 1735

PEACE to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause,
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

HENRY CAREY

1700(?), London-London, 1743

A MAIDEN'S IDEAL OF A HUSBAND

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct, and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free:
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

OF all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em;
 Her mother she sells laces long
 To such as please to buy 'em;
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally!
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely;
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely:
 But let him bang his bellyful,
 I'll bear it all for Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
 I dearly love but one day—
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday;
 For then I'm dressed all in my best
 To walk abroad with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamèd
 Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is namèd;
 I leave the church in sermon-time
 And slink away to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O, then I'll marry Sally;
O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed—
But not, not in our alley!

JAMES THOMSON

1700, Scotland-Richmond, 1748

RULE, BRITANNIA

From " Alfred "

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations not so blest as thee
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles, thine.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair:
 Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves.*

SAMUEL JOHNSON

1709, Staffordshire-London, 1784

IF A MAN WHO TURNIPS CRIES

If a man who turnips cries
 Cry not when his father dies,
 'Tis a proof that he would rather
 Have a turnip than a father.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVET

A PRACTISER OF PHYSIC

CONDEMNED to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind,
Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons, mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day,
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
 His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
 Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then, with no fiery, throbbing pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And freed his soul the nearest way.

THOMAS GRAY

1716, London—Cambridge, 1771

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT, DROWNED
IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow;
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima, reclined,
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet and emerald eyes,
 She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream:
 Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue
 Through richest purple to the view
 Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled.)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mewed to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred:
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard,—
A Favorite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glisters, gold.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked.
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

“The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1728, Ireland—London, 1774

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

From "The Vicar of Wakefield"

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes:
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye:
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied,
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

WILLIAM COWPER

1731, Hertfordshire—Norfolk, 1800

BOADICEA: AN ODE

62 A. D.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:

“Princess! if our agèd eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
’Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

“Rome shall perish:—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

“Other Romans shall arise
Heedless of a soldier’s name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

“Ruffians! pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you!”

ON THE LOSS OF THE “ROYAL GEORGE”

AUGUST 29, 1782

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the “Royal George,”
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

EPITAPH ON A HARE

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
 Nor swifter greyhound follow,
 Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
 Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
 Who, nursed with tender care,
 And to domestic bounds confined,
 Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
 His pittance every night,
 He did it with a jealous look,
 And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
 And milk, and oats, and straw;
 Thistles, or lettuces instead,
 With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
 On pippins' russet peel;
 And, when his juicy salads failed,
 Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear;
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humor's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut-shade
He finds his long, last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more agèd, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED AND
CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 "Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself, and children three,
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the calender
 Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
 O'erjoyed was he to find,
 That though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
 But yet was not allowed
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

"Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs.
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good luck!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig:
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
"Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here’s the house!”
They all at once did cry;
“The dinner waits, and we are tired;”—
Said Gilpin—“So am I.”

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware,

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender’s
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
“My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,
 "I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
 For which he paid full dear;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
 He lost them sooner than at first;
 For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pulled out half-a-crown;
 And thus unto the youth she said
 That drove them to the Bell,
 "This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain:
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
 By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

THOMAS HOLCROFT

1745, London-London, 1809

GAFFER GRAY

“Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
 Gaffer Gray,
 And why doth thy nose look so blue?”
 “ ’Tis the weather that’s cold,
 ’Tis I’m grown very old,
 And my doublet is not very new,
 Well-a-day!”

“Then line that warm doublet with ale,
 Gaffer Gray,
 And warm thy old heart with a glass.”
 “Nay, but credit I’ve none,
 And my money’s all gone;
 Then say how may that come to pass?
 Well-a-day!”

“Hie away to the house on the brow,
 Gaffer Gray,
 And knock at the jolly priest’s door.”
 “The priest often preaches
 Against worldly riches,
 But ne’er gives a mite to the poor,
 Well-a-day!”

“The lawyer lives under the hill,
 Gaffer Gray,
 Warmly fenced both in back and in front.”
 “He will fasten his locks,
 And will threaten the stocks,
 Should he evermore find me in want.
 Well-a-day!”

“The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray,

And the season will welcome you there.”

“His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!”

“My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray,

What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live.”

“The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day.”

CHARLES DIBDIN

1745, Southampton—London, 1814

TOM BOWLING

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful, below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:

And then he'd sing, so blithe and jolly,
 Ah, many's the time and oft!
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call Life's crew together,
 The word to "pipe all hands."
 Thus Death, who Kings and Tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doffed;
 For, though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

ONE night came on a hurricane,
 The sea was mountains rolling,
 When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
 And said to Billy Bowling.
 "A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;
 Hark! don't ye hear it roar, now?
 Lord help 'em, how I pities them
 Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,
 What danger they are all in,
 And now lie quaking in their beds,
 For fear the roof should fall in;
 Poor creatures! how they envies us,
 And wishes, I've a notion,
 For our good luck, in such a storm,
 To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them who're out all day
 On business from their houses,
 And late at night are coming home,
 To cheer their babes and spouses,—

While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

“And very often have we heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London;
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

1751, Dublin-London, 1816

“I WOULD,” SAYS FOX, “A TAX DEVISE”

“I WOULD,” says Fox, “a tax devise
That shall not fall on me.”
“Then tax receipts,” Lord North replies,
“For those you never see.”

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757, London-London, 1827

THE LAMB

From “ Songs of Innocence ”

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice?

Little Lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;
 He is callèd by thy name,
 For He calls Himself a Lamb.
 He is meek, and He is mild;
 He became a little child.
 I a child, and thou a lamb,
 We are callèd by His name.

Little Lamb, God bless thee!
 Little Lamb, God bless thee.

THE TIGER

From " Songs of Experience "

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright,
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the Lamb, make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

ROBERT BURNS

1759, Alloway—Dumfries, 1796

A RED, RED ROSE

O, my luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luv!
 And fare-thee-weel a while!
 And I will come again, my luv,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

JEAN

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly lo'e the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best:
 There's wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And monie a hill between;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair:
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings
 But minds me o' my Jean.

BONNIE DOON

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
 That sings upon the bough;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

JOHN ANDERSON

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

MARY MORISON

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wished, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor:
 How blithely wad I bide the stour
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Though this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sighed, and said amang them a',
 "Ye arena Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wiltna gie,
 At least be pity to me shown;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

HIGHLAND MARY

YE banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel's wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, O! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipped my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And moldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH THE PLOW, NOVEMBER, 1785

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request;
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,—
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter passed
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain:

The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain,
 For promised joy!

Still thou are blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, though I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there, for honest Poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that!
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toil obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A Man's a Man for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribbon, star, and a' that;
 The man o' independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

'A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,—
 As come it will for a' that,—
 That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,—
 That Man to Man, the wairld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

AULD LANG SYNE

I

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

II

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

III

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered monie a weary fit
Sin' auld lang syne.

IV

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
 For auld lang syne!

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne!

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie!
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows tree.

O what is death but parting breath?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dared his face; and in this place
 I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword,
 And there's no man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
 I die by treacherie;
 It burns my heart I must depart
 And not avengèd be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die.

*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.*

BRUCE TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow,
 Let us do, or die!

LADY CAROLINA NAIRNE

1766, Perthshire—Perthshire, 1845

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

THE Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great;
 His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State;
 He wanted a wife, his braw house to keep;
 But favor wi' wooin' was fashous to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well,—
 M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee.
 A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well-pouthered, as guid as when new,
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
 He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat,—
 And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that!

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily,
 And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,—
 She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine.
 "And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
 She put aff her apron, and on her silk goun,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' doun.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;
And what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, "Na,"
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turnèd awa'.

Dumfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gi'e;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannily;
And after he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE

1769, London-Malta, 1846

THE BOY AND THE WOLF

A LITTLE Boy was set to keep
A little flock of goats or sheep;
He thought the task too solitary,
And took a strange perverse vagary:
To call the people out of fun,
To see them leave their work and run,
He cried and screamed with all his might,—
"Wolf! wolf!" in a pretended fright.
Some people, working at a distance,
Came running in to his assistance.
They searched the fields and bushes round,
The Wolf was nowhere to be found.
The Boy, delighted with his game,
A few days after did the same,
And once again the people came.
The trick was many times repeated,
At last they found that they were cheated.
One day the Wolf appeared in sight,
The Boy was in a real fright,
He cried, "Wolf! wolf!"—the neighbors heard,
But not a single creature stirred.

“We need not go from our employ,—
 ‘Tis nothing but that idle boy.’”
 The little Boy cried out again,
 “Help, help! the Wolf!” he cried in vain.
 At last his master came to beat him.
 He came too late, the Wolf had eat him.

This shows the bad effect of lying,
 And likewise of continual crying.
 If I had heard you scream and roar,
 For nothing, twenty times before,
 Although you might have broke your arm,
 Or met with any serious harm,
 Your cries could give me no alarm;
 They would not make me move the faster,
 Nor apprehend the least disaster;
 I should be sorry when I came,
 But you yourself would be to blame.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770, Cumberland-Westmoreland, 1850

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands

Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

WRITTEN IN MARCH

THE Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN
BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH

WISDOM and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought,
And givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature—purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapours rolling down the valleys made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, I homeward went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:
'Twas mine among the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.
And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed,
I heeded not the summons:—happy time
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud

The village clock tolled six—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untried horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud-bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the din
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star;
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

TO A SKYLARK

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge; even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows;
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;

And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need;
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity.
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won;
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause;
This is the happy Warrior; this is he
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

FIVE SONNETS

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

EARTH has not any thing to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep;
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

MILTON! THOU SHOULDST BE LIVING AT THIS HOUR

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh, raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON

ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND, 1802

Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains, each a mighty Voice;
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou foughtest against him,—but hast vainly striven;
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven
Where not a torrent murmur's heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

A FLOCK OF SHEEP THAT LEISURELY PASS BY

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
I've thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth.
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US; LATE AND SOON

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

SYDNEY SMITH

1771, Essex—London, 1845

A SALAD

To make this condiment, your poet begs
 The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
 Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
 Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
 And, half-suspected, animate the whole.
 Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
 Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
 To add a double quantity of salt;
 Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca drown,
 And twice with vinegar procured from town;
 And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss
 A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.

Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!
"Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat:
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771, Edinburgh-Abbotsford, 1832

LOCHINVAR

From "Marmion"

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

“I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,—
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 “Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume.
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ‘Twere better by far,
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 “She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

PROUD MAISIE

From "The Heart of Midlothian"

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady!"

ROSABELLE

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle Lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“The blackening wave is edged with white;
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

“Last night the gifted Seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?”

“’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my lady-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“’Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide
 If ’tis not filled by Rosabelle.”

O’er Roslin all that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
 ’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s light,
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
 ’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak,
 And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
 Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffined lie,
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar’s pale;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmered all the dead men’s mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

BREATHES THERE A MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

BORDER BALLAD

From "The Monastery"

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale;
 Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in order?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
 All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border!
 Many a banner spread
 Flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story.
 Mount and make ready, then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing;
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding;
 War-steeds are bounding;
 Stand to your arms, then, and march in good order.
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772, Devonshire—London, 1834

AN EPIGRAM

WHAT is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,
 Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

METRICAL FEET

LESSON FOR A BOY

TROCHEE trips from long to short;
From long to long in solemn sort
Slow Spondee stalks; strong foot! yet ill able
Ever to come up with dactyl trisyllable.
Iambics march from short to long;—
With a leap and a bound the swift Anapæsts throng;
One syllable long, with one short at each side,
Amphibrachys hastens with a stately stride;—
First and last being long, middle short, Amphimacer
Strikes his thundering hoofs like a proud highbred racer.

* * * * *

WORK WITHOUT HOPE

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.
Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide rich streams away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll;
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

KUBLA KHAN

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this Earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced,
Amid whose swift half-intermittent burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

1774, Bristol-Keswick, 1843

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

“How does the water
Come down at Lodore?”
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon, at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third

The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,

Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war raging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,

And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,

And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE PASSED

My days among the Dead are passed,
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
 I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
 My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
 Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

1775, Seville–Liverpool, 1841

TO NIGHT

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo! creation widened on man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
 While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
 Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?—
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

1775, Warwick–Florence, 1864

SHAKSPERE AND MILTON

THE tongue of England, that which myriads
 Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed
 Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth
 Above the flight of ages, two alone;
 One crying out,

All nations spoke through me.

The other:

*True; and through this trumpet burst
 God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom
 First of immortal, then of mortal Man.
 Glory! be glory! not to me, to God!*

MACAULAY

THE dreamy rhymer's measur'd snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more;
And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of womankind
Who win their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
And have achiev'd the crowning work
When they have truss'd and skewer'd a Turk.
Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statelier dead.
He rushes on, and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns,
And shows the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind, what Romans were,
When all the Tuscans and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

ROBERT BROWNING

THERE is delight in singing, though none hear
Beside the singer; and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
Shakspere is not our poet, but the world's;
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walk'd along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

1777, Glasgow—Boulogne, 1844

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England
 That guard our native seas!
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe;
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave;
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle, etc.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle, etc.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stain'd snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet;
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS MOORE

1779, Dublin-London, 1852

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
YOUNG CHARMS

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art;
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear!

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
There Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

OFT in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
 The smiles, the tears
 Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

JANE TAYLOR

1783, London—Essex, 1824

CONTENTED JOHN

ONE honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes in him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold were the weather, or dear were the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,—
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

“For why should I grumble and murmur?” he said;
“If I cannot get meat, I’ll be thankful for bread;
And, though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It can never cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.”

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain,

Nor lie down to fret in despondence and sorrow,
But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him or treated him ill,
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said that revenging the injury done
Would be making two rogues when there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble;
And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

1784, Dumfriesshire—London, 1842

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
 The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

LEIGH HUNT

1784, Middlesex-Surrey, 1859

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court.
The nobles filled the benches, and the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom
 he sighed:

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with
 their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one an-
other,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous
smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than
 there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed
 the same;

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him
and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his
place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's
face.

"By Heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from
where he sat;

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

SNEEZING

WHAT a moment, what a doubt!

All my nose is inside out,—

All my thrilling, tickling caustic,

Pyramid rhinocerostic,

Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!

How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,

How with rapturous torment wrings me!

Now says, "Sneeze, you fool,—get through it."

Shee—shee—oh! 'tis most del-ishi—

Ishi—ishi—most del-ishi!

(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)

Snuff is a delicious thing.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw within the moonlight in his room,

Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

JENNY KISSED ME

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June;
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears their natural song—
 In-doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

BARRY CORNWALL (BRYAN WALLER
 PROCTER)

1787, London—London, 1874

THE BLOOD HORSE

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,
 Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
 Full of fire, and full of bone,
 With all his line of fathers known;
 Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
 But blown abroad by the pride within.
 His mane is like a river flowing,
 And his eyes like embers glowing
 In the darkness of the night,
 And his pace as swift as light.

Look,—how 'round his straining throat
 Grace and shifting beauty float!
 Sinewy strength is in his reins,
 And the red blood gallops through his veins;
 Richer, redder, never ran
 Through the boasting heart of man.
 He can trace his lineage higher
 Than the Bourbon dare aspire,
 Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
 Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born,
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine!
And yet,—he was but friend to one
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green:
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day),
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands.

GEORGE GORDON LORD BYRON

1788, London—Missolonghi, Greece, 1824

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

710 B. C.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

From "Childe Harold"

JUNE 18, 1815

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high wall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they
come!"

THE OCEAN

From "Childe Harold"

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
 I love not man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel,
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain,
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,

The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves play,—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows, far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

ON CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,

Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

CHARLES WOLFE

1791, Kildare-Cork, 1823

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AFTER CORUNNA

JANUARY 16, 1809

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792, Sussex-Spezia, Italy, 1822

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering un beholden
 Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?

What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
 From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
 Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits.

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the Genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain-crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings.
An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
And, when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The Stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim,
 When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof;
 The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow.
 When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow;
 The Sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
 And the nursling of the Sky:
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise, and unbuild it again.

ARETHUSA

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams;
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams:
 And gliding and springing,
 She went, ever singing,

In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook,
And opened a chasm
In the rocks;—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

“Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me!
For he grasps me now by the hair!”
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream.

Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main,
 Alpheus rushed behind,—
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
 Where the Ocean Powers
 Sit on their pearlèd thrones;
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods,
 Over heaps of unvalued stones;
 Through the dim beams
 Which amid the streams
 Weave a network of colored light;
 And under the caves
 Where the shadowy waves
 Are as green as the forest's night:
 Outspeeding the shark,
 And the swordfish dark,—
 Under the ocean foam,
 And up through the rifts
 Of the mountain cliffs,—
 They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
 In Enna's mountains,
 Down one vale where the morning basks,
 Like friends once parted
 Grown single-hearted,
 They ply their watery tasks.
 At sunrise they leap
 From their cradles steep
 In the cave of the shelving hill;
 At noon tide they flow
 Through the woods below

And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
Like the spirits that lie
In the azure sky,
When they love but live no more.

OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
“My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!”
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azuie sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odors plain and hill;

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

1793, Liverpool-Dublin, 1835

CASABIANCA

BATTLE OF THE NILE, AUGUST, 1798

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
 “My father! must I stay?”
 While o'er him, fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;
 The boy,—oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds, that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea,—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part,—
 But the noblest thing that perished there,
 Was that young, faithful heart.

JOHN KEATS

1795, London—Rome, 1821

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern,
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
 Have ye tippled drink more fine
 Than mine host's Canary wine?
 Or are fruits of Paradise
 Sweeter than those dainty pies
 Of venison? O generous food!
 Dressed as though bold Robin Hood
 Would, with his Maid Marian,
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day .
Mine host's sign-board flew away
Nobody knew whither, till
An Astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,—
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new-old Sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac! .

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known—
Happy field or mossy cavern—
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
 That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half-lost,
 The Grasshopper's among the grassy hills.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

 Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tune:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
“Beauty is truth, truth beauty,”—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

1796, Somerset-Westmoreland, 1849

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW

SHE is not fair to outward view
 As many maidens be,
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me;
 Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
 To mine they ne'er reply,
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The love-light in her eye:
 Her very frowns are fairer far
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

1797, Glasgow-Glasgow, 1835

THE CAVALIER'S SONG

A STEED, a steed of matchless speed!
 A sword of metal keen!
 All else to noble hearts is dross,
 All else on earth is mean.
 The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rolling of the drum,
 The clangor of the trumpet loud,
 Be sounds from heaven that come;
 And oh! the thundering press of knights,
 Whenas their war-cries swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount! then mount, brave gallants all,
And don your helms amain;
Death's couriers, Fame and Honor, call
Us to the field again.
No shrewish fears shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand—
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
For the fairest of the land!
Let piping swain, and craven wight
Thus weep and puling cry;
Our business is like man to fight,
And hero-like to die!

SAMUEL LOVER

1797, Dublin-Jersey, 1868

RORY O'MORE

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn,
He was bold as a hawk,—she as soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
“Now, Rory, be aisy,” sweet Kathleen would cry
(Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye),
“With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out.”
“Och! jewel,” says Rory, “that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck,” says bold Rory O'More.

“Indeed, then,” says Kathleen, “don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound.”
“Faith,” says Rory, “I'd rather love you than the ground!”

“Now, Rory, I’ll cry if you don’t let me go;
 Sure I drame ev’ry night that I’m hating you so!”
 “Oh,” says Rory, “that same I’m delighted to hear,
 For drames always go by conthraries, my dear;
 So, jewel, keep draming that same till you die,
 And bright mornin’ will give dirty night the black lie!
 And ’tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 Since ’tis all for good luck,” says bold Rory O’More.

“Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you’ve teased me enough,
 Sure I’ve thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
 And I’ve made myself, drinkin’ your health, quite a baste,
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste.”
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
 And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
 And he kissed her sweet lips;—don’t you think he was right?
 “Now, Rory, leave off, sir; you’ll hug me no more;
 That’s eight times to-day that you’ve kissed me before.”
 “Then here goes another,” says he, “to make sure,
 For there’s luck in odd numbers,” says Rory O’More.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
 ’Twas on a market day,
 A low-backed car she drove, and sat
 Upon a truss of hay;
 But when that hay was blooming grass
 And decked with flowers of Spring,
 No flower was there that could compare
 With the blooming girl I sing.
 As she sat in the low-backed car,
 The man at the turnpike bar
 Never asked for the toll,
 But just rubbed his ould poll,
 And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
 The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands his tithes
 Of death—in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
 Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town,
 As right and left they fly;
While she sits in her low-backed car,
 Than battle more dangerous far,—
 For the doctor's art
 Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
 Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
 By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
 Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
 Of the blooming god of Love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
 The lovers come near and far,
 And envy the chicken
 That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in her low-backed car.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach-and-four, and gold galore,
 And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forinst me,
 On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
 With my arm around her waist,—

While we drove in the low-backed car,
 To be married by Father Mahar,
 O, my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh,—
 Though it beat in a low-backed car!

THOMAS HOOD

1799, London—London, 1845

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn;
 He never came a wink too soon
 Nor brought too long a day;
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
 The roses, red and white,
 The violets, and the lily-cups—
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birthday,—
 The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing;
 My spirit flew in feathers then
 That is so heavy now,
 The summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

RUTH

SHE stood breast high among the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

NO!

No sun—no moon!
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk— no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no “t’other side the way”—
 No end to any Row—
 No indications where the Crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing ’em—
 No knowing ’em!
 No travelling at all—no locomotion,
 No inkling of the way—no notion—
 “No go”—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
 November!

TO MINERVA

FROM THE GREEK

MY temples throb, my pulses boil,
 I’m sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad—
 So, Thyrsis, take the Midnight Oil,
 And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,
I cannot write a verse, or read,—
Then, Pallas, take away thine Owl,
And let us have a lark instead.

ELIZABETH TURNER

—? England—England, 1846

POLITENESS

GOOD little boys should never say
“I will,” and “Give me these”;
O, no! that never is the way,
But “Mother, if you please.”

And “If you please,” to Sister Ann
Good boys to say are ready;
And, “Yes, sir,” to a Gentleman,
And, “Yes, ma’am,” to a Lady.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

Dates and home unknown

ANNIE LAURIE

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa’s the dew,
And it’s there that Annie Laurie
Gie’d me her promise true—
Gie’d me her promise true,
Which ne’er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I’d lay me doun and dee.

Her brow is like the snow-drift;
 Her throat is like the swan;
 Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on—
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her eye;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
 And like winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet—
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down and dee.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY

1800, Leicestershire—London, 1859

IVRY

MARCH 14, 1590

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant
 land of France!
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls
 annoy.
 Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: "God save our Lord the
King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of
war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned
his rein;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
“Remember Saint Bartholomew!” was passed from man to
man.

But out spake gentle Henry, “No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.”
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;

And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,

The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know

How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His
Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point
of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright;

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night;

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

1801, London-Liverpool, 1890

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1809, Durham-Florence, 1861

THREE SONNETS

I THOUGHT How ONCE THEOCRITUS HAD SUNG

I THOUGHT how once Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wish'd-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mus'd it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—
“Guess now who holds thee!”—“Death,” I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang—“Not Death, but Love.”

IF THOU MUST LOVE ME, LET IT BE FOR NAUGHT

IF thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
“I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day”—
For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!

But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

HOW DO I LOVE THEE? LET ME COUNT THE WAYS

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

A COURT LADY

HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark,
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens, "Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the Court of the King.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of the mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at the
throat.

“Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the sleeves,
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from the eaves.”

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,
“Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend.”

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man’s bed:
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

“Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou,” she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second:
He was a grave hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer.
“Art thou a Romagnole?” Her eyes drove lightnings before her.

“Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one,—free by the stroke of a sword.

“Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast
To ripen our wine of the present, (too new) in glooms of the past.”

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl’s,
Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep black hole in the curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in
pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her
hands:

"Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep
as she stands."

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball:
Kneeling,—"O more than my brother! how shall I thank thee
for all?

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and
line,
But *thou* hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed:
But blessed are those among nations, who dare to be strong
for the rest!"

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.

Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as in passion and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were kissing
the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart she moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou suffer, my
brother?"

Holding his hands in hers:—"Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to die on."

Holding his cold rough hands,—“Well, oh, well have ye done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone.”

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring,
“That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King.”

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809, Lincolnshire—Surrey, 1892

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman’s boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

BALACLAVA, OCTOBER 25, 1852

HALF a league, half a league,

Half a league onward,

All in the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!

Charge for the guns!” he said:

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”

Was there a man dismayed?

Not though the soldier knew

Some one had blundered:

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die:

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them

Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell

Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,

Flashed as they turned in air

Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while

All the world wondered:

Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

THE SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS

From "The Princess"

THE splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story:
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

From "The Princess"

HOME they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stepped,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee,—
Like summer tempest came her tears,
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
 I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.

Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board; no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,

Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odors haunt my dreams;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armor that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And through the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 "O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the Holy Grail.

ULYSSES

IT little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known,—cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,

Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides; and though
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are—
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,
 Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He, though He be not that which He seems?
 Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel "I am I"?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor and gloom.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can
meet—

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool,
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

THE BROOK'S SONG

From "The Brook"

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

A TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER

From "The Princess"

"ALONE," I said, "from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman: he that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime.
Yet there was one through whom I loved her, one
Not learned save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet

On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
 Too gross to tread; and all male minds perforce
 Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
 And girdled her with Music. Happy he
 With such a mother! Faith in womankind
 Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
 Comes easy to him; and, tho' he trip and fall,
 He shall not blind his soul with clay."

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

From "In Memoriam"

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811, Calcutta-London, 1863

LITTLE BILLEE

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
 Who took a boat and went to sea.
 But first with beef and captain's biscuits
 And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
 And the youngest he was little Billee.
 Now when they got as far as the Equator
 They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
 "I am extremely hungaree."
 To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
 "We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
 "With one another we shouldn't agree!
 There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
 We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh, Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
 So undo the button of your chemie."
 When Bill received this information
 He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
 Which my poor mammy taught to me."
 "Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
 While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
 And down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee:
But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

SORROWS OF WERTHER

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

AT THE CHURCH GATE

From "Pendennis"

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait.
Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the Minster bell:
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here—she's past!
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair Saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

THE END OF THE PLAY

THE play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends;
Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas-time.
On Life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play:
Good-night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good-night—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give, or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses, or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

ROBERT BROWNING

1812, London—Venice, 1889

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

I

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

II

Just as perhaps he mused “My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,”—
 Out ’twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

III

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse’s mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect—
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

IV

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God’s grace
 We’ve got you Ratisbon!
 The Marshal’s in the market-place,
 And you’ll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart’s desire,
 Perched him!” The chief’s eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;

And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

IV

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

V

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

VI

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

VIII

“How they’ll greet us!”—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets’ rim.

IX

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head ’twixt my knees on the ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

HERVÉ RIEL

MAY 31, 1692

I

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all;
 And they signalled to the place
 "Help the winners of a race!
 Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker
 still,
 Here's the English can and will!"

III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
 "Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"
 laughed they:
 "Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and
 scored,
 Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve-and-eighty guns,
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV

Then was called a council straight.
 Brief and bitter the debate:
 "Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take
 in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!"
 (Ended Damfreville his speech).

“Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V

“Give the word!” But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI

And “What mockery or malice have we here?” cries Hervé Riel:
“Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
‘Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying’s for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty
 Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there’s a way!
Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,—
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!” cries Hervé
 Riel.

VII

Not a minute more to wait.
 “Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!” cried its
 chief.
 Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief.
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide seas pro-
 found!
 See, safe through shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock,
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past.
 All are harbored to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas “Anchor!”—sure as fate,
 Up the English come,—too late!

VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
 Hearts that bled are stanchéd with balm.

“Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!”
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
“This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!”
What a shout, and all one word,
“Hervé Riel!”
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX

Then said Damfreville, “My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville.”

X

Then a beam of fun outbreake
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:

“Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty’s done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
 run?—
 Since ’tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!”
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

XI

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore
 the bell.
 Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle
 Aurore!

PHEIDIPPIDES

Xalpete, νικῶμεν

FIRST I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!
 Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honor to all!
 Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, co-equal in praise
 —Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of the ægis and spear!
 Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised be your peer,

Now, henceforth and forever,—O latest to whom I upraise
Hand and heart and voice! For Athens, leave pasture and
flock!

Present to help, potent to save, Pan—patron I call!

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre that speaks!
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and
you,
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!
Persia has come, we are here, where is She?" Your command
I obeyed,

Ran and raced: like stubble, some field which a fire runs through,
Was the space between city and city: two days, two nights did
I burn

Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.
Into their midst I broke: breath served but for "Persia has
come!"

Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water and earth;
Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall Athens
sink,

Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly die,
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the
stander-by?

Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch o'er
destruction's brink?

How,—when? No care for my limbs!—there's lightning in all
and some—

Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it birth!"

O my Athens—Sparta love thee? Did Sparta respond?
Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Malice,—each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified hate!
Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses. I
stood
Quivering,—the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch from
dry wood:

“Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate?
Thunder, thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry beyond
Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and Artemis, clang them ‘Ye
must’!”

No bolt launched from Olumpos! Lo, their answer at last!
“Has Persia come,—does Athens ask aid,—may Sparta be-
friend?
Nowise precipitate judgment—too weighty the issue at stake!
Count we no time lost time which lags through respect to the
gods!

Ponder that precept of old, ‘No warfare, whatever the odds
In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to take
Full-circle her state in the sky!’ Already she rounds to it fast:
Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment suspend.”

Athens,—except for that sparkle,—thy name, I had mouldered
to ash!

That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away was I
back,

—Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the
vile!

Yet “O gods of my land!” I cried, as each hillock and plain,
Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them again,
“Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid you
erewhile?

Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation! Too rash
Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!

“Oak and olive and bay,—I bid you cease to enwreathe
Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the Persian’s foot,
You that, our patrons were pledged, should never adorn a slave!
Rather I hail thee, Parnes,—trust to thy wild waste tract!
Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What matter if slacked
My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag and to cave
No deity deigns to drape with verdure? at least I can breathe,
Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from the mute!”

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;
Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till, sudden, a bar
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way.
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the fissure across:
"Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night in the fosse?
Athens to aid? Though the dive were through Erebos, thus I
obey—
Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise! No bridge
Better!"—when—ha! what was it I came on, of wonders that
are?

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majestical Pan!
Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head; moss cushioned his hoof:
All the great god was good in the eyes grave-kindly—the curl
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw.
"Halt, Pheidippides!"—halt I did, my brain of a whirl:
"Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious began:
"How is it,—Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?

"Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no feast!
Wherfore? Than I what godship to Athens more helpful of
old?
Ay, and still, and forever her friend! Test Pan, trust me!
Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith
In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The Goat-God
saith:
When Persia—so much as strews not the soil—is cast in the sea,
Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and
least,
Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the free and
the bold!'

"Say Pan saith: 'Let this, foreshowing the place, be the
pledge!'"
(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear
—Fennel—I grasped it a-tremble with dew—whatever it bode)

“While, as for thee” . . . But enough! He was gone. If I ran hitherto—

Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but flew. Parnes to Athens—earth no more, the air was my road: Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the razor’s edge!

Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I too have a guerdon rare!

Then spoke Miltiades. “And thee, best runner of Greece, Whose limbs did duty indeed,—what gift is promised thyself? Tell it us straightway,—Athens the mother demands of her son!”

Rosily blushed the youth: he paused: but, lifting at length His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest of his strength

Into the utterance—“Pan spoke thus: ‘For what thou hast done Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed thee release From the racer’s toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!’

“I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most to my mind!

Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel may grow,—

Pound—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and, under the deep, Whelm her away forever; and then,—no Athens to save,— Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave,— Hie to my house and home: and, when my children shall creep

Close to my knees,—recount how the god was awful yet kind, Promised their sire reward to the full—rewarding him—so!”

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon day: So, when Persia was dust, all cried “To Akropolis!

Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is thy due!

‘Athens is saved, thank Pan,’ go shout!” He flung down his shield,

Ran like fire once more: and the space ’twixt the Fennelfield

And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs through,
Till in he broke: "Rejoice, we conquer!" Like wine through
clay,

Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of salute
Is still "Rejoice!"—his word which brought rejoicing indeed.
So is Pheidippides happy forever,—the noble strong man
Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god, whom a god
loved so well;

He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was suffered
to tell

Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he began,
So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be mute:
"Athens is saved!"—Pheidippides dies in the shout for his
meed.

CAVALIER TUNES

I--MARCHING ALONG

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop,
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—

Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampton to hell, and his obsequies' knell.
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
 England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
 Hold by the right, you double your might;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh from the fight,

Chorus.—March we along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

II—GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
 Who raised me the house that sank once?
 Who helped me to gold I spent since?
 Who found me in wine you drank once?

Cho.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
 By the old fool's side that begot him?
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

Cho.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

III—BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.

Cho.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
“God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

Cho.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!”

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, “Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

Cho.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!”

Who? My wife Gertrude, that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, “ Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?

Cho.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!”

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.

Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat": such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set

Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretense
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

TRAY

SING me a hero! Quench my thirst
Of soul, ye bards!

Quoth Bard the first:
“Sir Olaf, the good knight, did don
His helm and eke his habergeon” . . .
Sir Olaf and his bard ——!

“That sin-scarred brow” (quoth Bard the second),
“That eye wide ope as though Fate beckoned
My hero to some steep, beneath
Which precipice smiled tempting death” . . .
You too without your host have reckoned!

“A beggar-child” (let's hear this third!)
“Sat on a quay's edge: like a bird
Sang to herself at careless play,
And fell into the stream. ‘Dismay!
Help, you the standers-by!’ None stirred.

“Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
Plumb on the prize. ‘How well he dives!

“Up he comes with the child, see, tight
In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite
A depth of ten feet—twelve, I bet!
Good dog! What, off again? There’s yet
Another child to save? All right!

“How strange we saw no other fall!
It’s instinct in the animal.
Good dog! But he’s a long while under:
If he got drowned I should not wonder—
Strong current, that against the wall!

“Here he comes, holds in mouth this time
—What may the thing be? Well, that’s prime!
Now, did you ever? Reason reigns
In man alone, since all Tray’s pains
Have fished—the child’s doll from the slime!”

“And so, amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off,—old Tray,—
Till somebody, prerogativated
With reason, reasoned: ‘Why he dived,
His brain would show us, I should say.

“John, go and catch—or, if needs be,
Purchase—that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense
Of half-an-hour and eighteenpence,
How brain secretes dog’s soul, we’ll see!”

MULÉYKEH

IF a stranger passed the tent of Hóseyn, he cried “A churl’s!”
Or haply “God help the man who has neither salt nor bread!”
—“Nay,” would a friend exclaim, “he needs nor pity nor scorn
More than who spends small thought on the shore-sand, picking
pearls,
Holds but in light esteem the seed-sort, bears instead
On his breast a moon-like prize, some orb which of night makes
morn.

“What if no flocks and herds enrich the son of Sinán?
They went when his tribe was mulct, ten thousand camels the
due,
Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done of old.
‘God gave them, let them go! But never since time began,
Muléykeh, peerless mare, owned master the match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh at men’s land and
gold!’

“So in the pride of his soul laughs Hóseyn—and right, I say.
Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Outstripping all,
Ever Muléykeh stands first steed at the victor’s staff.
Who started, the owner’s hope, gets shamed and named, that
day.
‘Silence,’ or, last but one, is ‘The Cuffed,’ as we use to call
Whom the paddock’s lord thrusts forth. Right, Hóseyn, I say,
to laugh!”

“Boasts he Muléykeh the Pearl?” the stranger replies: “Be sure
On him I waste nor scorn nor pity, but lavish both
On Duhl the son of Sheybán, who withers away in heart
For envy of Hóseyn’s luck. Such sickness admits no cure.
A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same with an oath,
‘For the vulgar—flocks and herds! The Pearl is a prize apart.’”

Lo, Duhl the son of Sheybán comes riding to Hóseyn's tent,
And he casts his saddle down, and enters and "Peace!" bids he.
"You are poor, I know the cause: my plenty shall mend the
wrong.

'Tis said of your Pearl—the price of a hundred camels spent
In her purchase were scarce ill paid: such prudence is far from
me

Who proffer a thousand. Speak! Long parley may last too
long."

Said Hóseyn, "You feed young beasts a many, of famous breed,
Slit-eared, unblemished, fat, true offspring of Múzennem:
There stumbles no weak-eyed she in the line as it climbs the
hill.

But I love Muléykeh's face: her forefront whitens indeed
Like a yellowish wave's cream-crest. Your camels—go gaze
on them!

Her fetlock is foam-splashed too. Myself am the richer still."

A year goes by: lo, back to the tent again rides Duhl.
"You are open-hearted, ay—moist-handed, a very prince.
Why should I speak of sale? Be the mare your simple gift!
My son is pined to death for her beauty: my wife prompts
‘Fool,
Beg for his sake the Pearl! Be God the rewarder, since
God pays debts seven for one: who squanders on Him shows
thrift.’"

Said Hóseyn, "God gives each man one life, like a lamp, then
gives
That lamp due measure of oil: lamp lighted—hold high, wave
wide
Its comfort for others to share! once quench it, what help is
left?
The oil of your lamp is your son: I shine while Muléykeh lives.
Would I beg your son to cheer my dark if Muléykeh died?
It is life against life: what good avails to the life-bereft?"

Another year, and—hist! What craft is it Duhl designs?
He alights not at the door of the tent as he did last time,
But, creeping behind, he gropes his stealthy way by the trench
Half-round till he finds the flap in the folding, for night com-
bines

With the robber—and such is he: Duhl, covetous up to crime,
Must wring from Hóseyn's grasp the Pearl, by whatever the
wrench.

“He was hunger-bitten, I heard: I tempted with half my store,
And a gibe was all my thanks. Is he generous like Spring
dew?

Account the fault to me who chaffered with such an one!
He has killed, to feast chance comers, the creature he rode: nay,
more—

For a couple of singing-girls his robe has he torn in two:
I will beg! Yet I nowise gained by the tale of my wife and
son.

“I swear by the Holy House, my head will I never wash
Till I filch his Pearl away. Fair dealing I tried, then guile,
And now I resort to force. He said we must live or die:
Let him die, then,—let me live! Be bold—but not too rash!
I have found me a peeping-place: breast, bury your breathing
while
I explore for myself! Now, breathe! He deceived me not, the
spy!

“As he said—there lies in peace Hóseyn—how happy! Beside
Stands tethered the Pearl: thrice winds her headstall about his
wrist:

’Tis therefore he sleeps so sound—the moon through the roof
reveals.

And, loose on his left, stands too that other, known far and
wide,

Buhéyseh, her sister born: fleet is she yet ever missed
The winning tail's fire-flash a-stream past the thunderous heels.

“No less she stands saddled and bridled, this second, in case
some thief

Should enter and seize and fly with the first, as I mean to do.
What then? The Pearl is the Pearl: once mount her we both
escape.”

Through the skirt-fold in glides Duhl,—so a serpent disturbs
no leaf

In a bush as he parts the twigs entwining a nest: clean through,
He is noiselessly at his work: as he planned, he performs the
rape.

He has set the tent-door wide, has buckled the girth, has clipped
The headstall away from the wrist he leaves thrice bound as
before,

He springs on the Pearl, is launched on the desert like bolt from
bow.

Up starts our plundered man: from his breast though the heart
be ripped,

Yet his mind has the mastery: behold, in a minute more,
He is out and off and away on Buhéyseh, whose worth we know!

And Hóseyn—his blood turns flame, he has learned long since
to ride,

And Buhéyseh does her part,—they gain—they are gaining fast
On the fugitive pair, and Duhl has Ed-Dárraj to cross and quit,
And to reach the ridge El-Sabán,—no safety till that be spied!
And Buhéyseh is, bound by bound, but a horse-length off at
last,

For the Pearl has missed the tap of the heel, the touch of the bit.

She shortens her stride, she chafes at her rider the strange and
queer:

Buhéyseh is mad with hope—beat sister she shall and must,
Though Duhl, of the hand and heel so clumsy, she has to thank.
She is near now, nose by tail—they are neck by croup—joy!
fear!

What folly makes Hôseyn shout “Dog Duhl, damned son of
the Dust,
Touch the right ear, and press with your foot my Pearl’s left
flank!”

And Duhl was wise at the word, and Muléykeh as prompt
perceived

Who was urging redoubled pace, and to hear him was to obey,
And a leap indeed gave she, and evanished forevermore.
And Hôseyn looked one long last look as who, all bereaved,
Looks, fain to follow the dead so far as the living may:
Then he turned Buhéyseh’s neck slow homeward, weeping sore.

And, lo, in the sunrise, still sat Hôseyn upon the ground
Weeping: and neighbors came, the tribesmen of Bénu-Asâd
In the vale of green Er-Rass, and they questioned him of his
grief;

And he told from first to last how, serpent-like, Duhl had
wound

His way to the nest, and how Duhl rode like an ape, so bad!
And how Buhéyseh did wonders, yet Pearl remained with the
thief.

And they jeered him, one and all: “Poor Hôseyn is crazed past
hope!

How else had he wrought himself his ruin, in fortune’s spite?
To have simply held the tongue were a task for boy or girl,
And here were Muléykeh again, the eyed like an antelope,
The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast by night!”—
“And the beaten in speed!” wept Hôseyn. “You never have
loved my Pearl.”

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

From "Pippa Passes"

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!

EPILOGUE

From "Asolando"

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, impris-
oned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
 Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
 There as here!"

PROSPICE

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore;
 And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

EDWARD LEAR

1812, London—San Remo, Italy, 1888

THE JUMBLIES

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did;
 In a sieve they went to sea;
 In spite of all their friends could say,
 On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
 In a sieve they went to sea.
 And when the sieve turned round and round,
 And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
 They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
 But we don't care a button; we don't care a fig:
 In a sieve we'll go to sea!"

Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
 In a sieve they sailed so fast,
 With only a beautiful pea-green veil
 Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
 To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
 And every one said who saw them go,
 "Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
 For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
 And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
 In a sieve to sail so fast."

The water it soon came in, it did;
 The water it soon came in:
 So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
 In a pinky paper all folded neat:
 And they fastened it down with a pin.

And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

And all night long they sailed away;
And, when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown,
"O Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown."

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—
To a land all covered with trees:
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese:

And in twenty years they all came back,—
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, "How tall they've grown!
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,

To the hills of the Chankly Bore.”
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
 Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
 And they went to sea in a sieve.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea-green boat:
 They took some honey, and plenty of money
 Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
 The Owl looked up to the stars above,
 And sang to a small guitar,
 “O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
 What a beautiful Pussy you are,
 You are,
 You are!
 What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant fowl,
 How charmingly sweet you sing!
 Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
 But what shall we do for a ring?”
 They sailed away, for a year and a day,
 To the land where the bong-tree grows;
 And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
 With a ring at the end of his nose,
 His nose,
 His nose,
 With a ring at the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
 Your ring?” Said the Piggy, “I will.”
 So they took it away, and were married next day
 By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
 The moon,
 The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

A LIMERICK

THERE was an Old Man in a tree,
Who was horribly bored by a bee;
 When they said, "Does it buzz?"
 He replied, "Yes, it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee!"

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

1819, Liverpool-Florence, 1861

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

SAY not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so,—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides,—
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze, and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

CHARLES KINGSLEY

1819, Devonshire-Hampshire, 1875

YOUNG AND OLD

From "The Water Babies"

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down:
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

1821, Greenwich-Rowfant, 1895

A TERRIBLE INFANT

I RECOLLECT a nurse called Ann,
 Who carried me about the grass,
 And one fine day a fine young man
 Came up, and kissed the pretty lass:
 She did not make the least objection!
 Thinks I, “Aha!
 When I can talk, I’ll tell Mamma.”
 —And that’s my earliest recollection.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822, Middlesex-Liverpool, 1888

SHAKSPERE

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foiled searching of mortality;
 And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,
 Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—Better so!
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

REQUIESCAT

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes:
Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required:
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample Spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath.
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of Death.

SELF-DEPENDENCE

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
 Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
 In the rustling night-air came the answer:
 "Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
 Undistracted by the sights they see,
 These demand not that the things without them
 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
 For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
 In what state God's other works may be,
 In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
 These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
 A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
 "Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he
 Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

COVENTRY PATMORE

1823, Warwickshire-Hampshire, 1896

THE TOYS

My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
 I struck him, and dismissed
 With hard words and unkissed,
 —His Mother, who was patient, being dead.

Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'l leave Thy wrath, and say,
“I will be sorry for their childishness.”

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

1830, Isle of Man—Isle of Man, 1897

MY GARDEN

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot!
 Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
 Ferned grot—
 The veriest school
 Of peace; and yet the fool
 Contends that God is not—
 Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
 Nay, but I have a sign:
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

1831, Worcestershire—London, 1884

THE ALPHABET

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen;
 B is the Ball where the Angel was seen;
 C is the Chaperon, who cheated at cards;
 D is the Deuxtemp with Frank of the Guards;
 E is the Eye, killing slowly but surely;
 F is the Fan whence it peeped so demurely;
 G is the Glove of superlative kid;
 H is the Hand which it spitefully hid;
 I is the Ice which the fair one demanded;
 J is the Juvenile that dainty who handed;
 K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art;
 L is the Lace which composed the chief part;
 M is the old Maid who watched the chits dance;
 N is the Nose she turned up at each glance;

O is the Olga (just then in its prime);
P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time;
Q is a Quadrille put instead of the Lancers;
R is the Remonstrances made by the dancers;
S is the Supper where all went in pairs;
T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs;
U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be goin'";
V is the Voice which his niece replied "No" in;
W is the Waiter who sat up till eight;
X is the exit, not rigidly straight;
Y is the Yawning fit caused by the Ball;
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

LEWIS CARROLL (CHARLES L. DODGSON)

1832, Daresbury-Surrey, 1898

JABBERWOCKY

From "Through the Looking Glass"

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought.—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
 The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
 Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
 And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
 He left it dead, and with its head
 He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
 Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
 O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
 He chortled in his joy.

”Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
 All mimsy were the borogoves,
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

THE GARDENER’S SONG

From “Sylvie and Bruno”

HE thought he saw an Elephant,
 That practised on a fife:
 He looked again, and found it was
 A letter from his wife.
 “At length I realize,” he said,
 “The bitterness of life!”

He thought he saw a Buffalo
 Upon the chimney-piece:
 He looked again, and found it was
 His Sister’s Husband’s Niece.
 “Unless you leave this house,” he said,
 “I’ll send for the Police!”

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the 'bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
That worked a coffee-mill:
He looked again, and found it was
A Vegetable-Pill.
"Were I to swallow this," he said,
"I should be very ill!"

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four
That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
A Bear without a Head.
"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!
It's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross
That fluttered round the lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
A Penny-Postage-Stamp.
"You'd best be getting home," he said:
"The nights are very damp!"

He thought he saw a Garden Door
That opened with a key:

He looked again, and found it was
 A Double-Rule-of-Three:
 "And all its mystery," he said,
 "Is clear as day to me!"

GEORGE DU MAURIER

1834, Paris-London, 1896

A LITTLE WORK

From "Trilby"

A LITTLE work, a little play
 To keep us going—and so, good-day!

A little warmth, a little light
 Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow
 Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
 We reap our sowing! And so—good-bye!

EDWARD BOWEN

1836, Gloucestershire—Côte d'Or, France, 1901

FORTY YEARS ON

FORTY years on, when afar and asunder
 Parted are those who are singing today,
 When you look back, and forgetfully wonder
 What you were like in your work and your play;
 Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you
 Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—
 Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
 Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

REFRAIN

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!
Till the field ring again and again,
With the tramp of the twenty-two men,
Follow up! Follow up!

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
Strife without anger, and art without malice,—
How will it seem to you forty years on?
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
Strained the weak heart, and the wavering knee,
Never the battle raged hottest, but in it
Neither the last nor the faintest were we!

O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God gives us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!

JACK AND JOE

JACK's a scholar, as all men say,
 Dreams in Latin and Greek,
 Gobbles a grammar in half a day,
 And a lexicon once a week;
 Three examiners came to Jack,
 "Tell to us all you know;"
 But when he began, "To Oxford back,"
 They murmured, "we will go."
 But Joe is a regular fool, says Jack,
 And Jack is a fool, says Joe.

Joe's a player, and no mistake,
 Comes to it born and bred,
 Dines in pads for the practice' sake,
 Goes with a bat to bed.
 Came the bowler and asked him, "Pray,
 Shall I bowl you fast or slow?"
 But the bowler's every hair was gray
 Before he had done with Joe.
 But Joe is a regular fool, &c.

Morning wakes with a rousing spell,
 Bees and honey and hive,
 Drones get up at the warning bell,
 But Jack was at work at five.
 Sinks the day on the weary hill,
 Cricketers homeward flow;
 All climb up in the twilight chill,
 But the last to leave is Joe.
 But Joe is a regular fool, &c.

"Fame," says Jack, "with the mind must go,"
 Says Joe, "With the legs and back;"
 "What is the use of your arms?" says Joe,
 "Where are your brains?" says Jack.

Says Joe, "Your Latin I truly hate,"
 Says Jack, "I adore it so,"
 "But your bats," says Jack, "I nowhere rate,"
 "My darlings," answers Joe.
 But Joe is a regular fool, &c.

Can't you settle it, Joe and Jack,
 Settle it, books and play?
 Dunce is white and pedant is black,
 Haven't you room for gray?
 Let neither grammar nor bats be slack,
 Let brains with sinews grow,
 And you'll be Reverend Doctor Jack,
 And you'll be General Joe!
 But Joe is a regular fool, &c.

AUSTIN DOBSON

1840, Plymouth—

THE CURÉ'S PROGRESS

MONSIEUR the Curé down the street
 Comes with his kind old face,—
 With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
 And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little "*Grande Place*,"
 And the tiny "*Hôtel-de-Ville*";
 He smiles, as he goes, to the *fleuriste* Rose,
 And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the "*Marché*" cool,
 Where the noisy fish-wives call;
 And his compliment pays to the "*Belle Thérèse*,"
 As she knits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
 And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
 Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
 In his tails for a *pain d'épice*.

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
 Who is said to be heterodox,
 That will ended be with a "*Ma foi, oui!*"
 And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
 To the furrier's daughter Lou;
 And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
 And a "*Bon Dieu garde M'sieu'!*"

But a grander way for the *Sous-Préfet*,
 And a bow for Ma'm'selle Anne;
 And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
 And a nod to the Sacristan:—

For ever through life the Curé goes
 With a smile on his kind old face—
 With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
 And his green umbrella-case.

URCEUS EXIT

I INTENDED an Ode,
 And it turned to a Sonnet.
 It began *à la mode*,
 I intended an Ode;
 But Rose crossed the road
 In her latest new bonnet;
 I intended an Ode;
 And it turned to a Sonnet.

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON

“RATHER be dead than praised,” he said,
That hero, like a hero dead,
In this slack-sinewed age endued
With more than antique fortitude!

“Rather be dead than praised!” Shall we,
Who loved thee, now that Death sets free
Thine eager soul, with word and line
Profane that empty house of thine?

Nay,—let us hold, be mute. Our pain
Will not be less that we refrain;
And this our silence shall but be
A larger monument to thee.

WILLIAM MORRIS

1834, London—London, 1896

THE BURGHERS' BATTLE

THICK rise the spear-shafts o'er the land
That erst the harvest bore;
The sword is heavy in the hand,
And we return no more.

The light wind waves the Ruddy Fox,
Our banner of the war,
And ripples in the Running Ox,
And we return no more.

Across our stubble acres now
The teams go four and four;
But worn out elders guide the plough
And we return no more.

And now the women heavy-eyed
Turn through the open door,
From gazing down the highway wide
Where we return no more.

The shadows of the fruited close
Dapple the feast-hall floor;
There lie our dogs and dream and doze,
And we return no more.

Down from the minster-tower to-day
Fall the soft chimes of yore,
Amidst the chattering jackdaws' play:
And we return no more.

But underneath the streets are still;
Noon, and the market's o'er!
Back go the good wives o'er the hill;
For we return no more.

What merchant to our gates shall come?
What wise man bring us lore?
What abbot ride away to Rome,
Now we return no more?

What Mayor shall rule the hall we built?
Whose scarlet sweep the floor?
What judge shall doom the robber's guilt,
Now we return no more?

New houses in the street shall rise
Where builded we before,
Of other stone, wrought otherwise;
For we return no more.

And crops shall cover field and hill
Unlike what once they bore,
And all be done without our will,
Now we return no more.

Look up! the arrows streak the sky,
The horns of battle roar;
The long spears lower and draw nigh,
And we return no more.

Remember how beside the wain,
We spoke the word of war,
And sowed this harvest of the plain,
And we return no more.

Lay spears about the Ruddy Fox!
The days of old are o'er;
Heave sword about the Running Ox!
For we return no more.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

1849, Gloucester-Surrey, 1903

HOME

O, FALMOUTH is a fine town with ships in the bay,
And I wish from my heart it's there I was to-day;
I wish from my heart I was far away from here,
Sitting in my parlor and talking to my dear.
For it's home, dearie, home—it's home I want to be.
Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea.
O, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree
They're all growing green in the old countrie.

In Baltimore a-walking a lady I did meet
With her babe on her arm as she came down the street;
And I thought how I sailed, and the cradle standing ready
For the pretty little babe that has never seen its daddie.
And it's home, dearie, home,—

O, if it be a lass, she shall wear a golden ring;
And if it be a lad, he shall fight for his king;
With his dirk and his hat and his little jacket blue
He shall walk the quarter-deck as his daddie used to do.
And it's home, dearie, home,—

O, there's a wind a-blowing, a-blowing from the west,
And that of all the winds is the one I like the best,
For it blows at our backs, and it shakes our pennon free,
And it soon will blow us home to the old countrie.
For it's home, dearie, home—it's home I want to be.
Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea.
O, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree
They're all growing green in the old countrie.

INVICTUS

OUT of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
 I am the captain of my soul.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850, Edinburgh-Samoa, 1894

A LAD THAT IS GONE

*Sing me a song of a lad that is gone;
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.*

Mull was astern, Rum on the port,
Eigg on the starboard bow;
Glory of youth glowed in his soul:
Where is that glory now?

*Sing me a song of a lad that is gone;
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.*

Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone!
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone!

*Sing me a song of a lad that is gone;
Say, could that lad be I?
Merry of soul he sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.*

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

THE VAGABOND

To an Air of Schubert

GIVE to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
 And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
 Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
 There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
 And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
 And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
 Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
 Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
 Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
 Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
 Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
 And the road before me.

Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me.

HEATHER ALE

A GALLOWAY LEGEND

FROM the bonny bells of heather
They brewed a drink long-syne
Was sweeter far than honey
Was stronger far than wine.
They brewed it and they drank it,
And lay in blessed swound
For days and days together
In their dwellings underground.

There rose a King in Scotland,
A fell man to his foes,
He smote the Picts in battle,
He hunted them like roes.
Over miles of the red mountain
He hunted as they feed,
And strewed the dwarfish bodies
Of the dying and the dead.

Summer came in the country,
Red was the heather bell:
But the manner of the brewing
None was alive to tell.
In graves that were like children's
On many a mountain head
The Brewsters of the Heather
Lay numbered with the dead.

The King in the red moorland.
Rode on a summer's day:
And the bees hummed, and the curlews
Cried beside the way.
The King rode, and was angry,
Black was his brow and pale,
To rule in a land of heather
And lack the Heather Ale.

It fortuned that his vassals,
Riding free on the heath,
Came on a stone that was fallen
And vermin hid beneath.
Rudely plucked from their hiding,
Never a word they spoke:
A son and his aged father—
Last of the dwarfish folk.

The King sat high on his charger
He looked on the little men;
And the dwarfish and swarthy couple
Looked at the King again
Down by the shore he had them;
And there on the giddy brink—
“I will give you life, ye vermin,
For the secret of the drink.”

There stood the son and the father
And they looked high and low:
The heather was red around them,
The sea rumbled below.
And up and spoke the father,
Shrill was his voice to hear:
“I have a word in private,
A word for the royal ear.

“Life is dear to the aged,
And honour a little thing:
I would gladly sell the secret”,
Quoth the Pict to the King.
His voice was small as a sparrow’s
And shrill and wonderful clear;
“I would gladly sell my secret,
Only my son I fear.

“For life is a little matter,
And death is nought to the young:
And I dare not sell my honour
Under the eye of my son.
Take *him*, O King, and bind him,
And cast him far in the deep,
And it’s I will tell the secret
That I have sworn to keep.”

They took the son and bound him,
Neck and heels in a thong,
And a lad took him and swung him,
And flung him far and strong.
And the sea swallowed his body,
Like that of a child of ten:—
And there on the cliff stood the father
Last of the dwarfish men.

“True was the word I told you:
Only my son I feared:
For I doubt the sapling courage
That goes without the beard.
But now in vain is the torture,
Fire shall never avail:
Here dies in my bosom
The secret of Heather Ale.”

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

WILLIAM WATSON

1858, Yorkshire—

THE KEY-BOARD

FIVE-AND-THIRTY black slaves,
 Half-a-hundred white,
 All their duty but to sing
 For their Queen's delight,
 Now with throats of thunder,
 Now with dulcet lips,
 While she rules them royally
 With her finger-tips!

When she quits her palace,
 All the slaves are dumb—
 Dumb with dolor till the Queen
 Back to Court is come:
 Dumb the throats of thunder,
 Dumb the dulcet lips,
 Lacking all the sovereignty
 Of her finger-tips.

Dusky slaves and pallid,
 Ebon slaves and white,
 When the Queen was on her throne
 How you sang to-night!
 Ah, the throats of thunder!
 Ah, the dulcet lips!
 Ah, the gracious tyrannies
 Of her finger-tips!

Silent, silent, silent,
 All your voices now;
 Was it then her life alone
 Did your life endow?
 Waken, throats of thunder!
 Waken, dulcet lips!
 Touched to immortality
 By her finger-tips.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

1859, London—

GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE

A BOY'S SONG

With lifted feet, hands still,
 I am poised, and down the hill
 Dart, with heedful mind;
 The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
 Till the heart with a mighty lift
 Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry:—
 “O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

“Is this, is this your joy?
 O bird, then I, though a boy,

For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the treadles fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

HENRY NEWBOLT

1862, Staffordshire ———

DRAKE'S DRUM

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, 1540?-1596

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),

Rovin' though his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long
 ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
 Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long
 ago!

VITAÏ LAMPADA

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
 Ten to make and the match to win—
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
 Red with the wreck of a square that broke—
 The Gatling's jammed with the Colonel dead,
 And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
 The river of death has brimmed his banks,
 And England's far, and Honor a name,
 But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
 While in her place the School is set,
 Every one of her sons must hear,
 And none that hears it dare forget.
 This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
 And falling fling to the host behind—
 “Play up! play up! and play the game!”

CLIFTON CHAPEL

THIS is the Chapel: here, my son,
 Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
 And heard the words that one by one
 The touch of Life has turned to truth.
 Here in a day that is not far,
 You too may speak with noble ghosts
 Of manhood and the vows of war
 You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the cause above renown,
 To love the game beyond the prize,
 To honor, while you strike him down,
 The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
 To count the life of battle good,
 And dear the land that gave you birth,
 And dearer yet the brotherhood
 That binds the brave of all to earth—

My son, the oath is yours: the end
 Is His, Who built the world of strife,
 Who gave His children Pain for friend,
 And Death for surest hope of life.
 To-day and here the fight's begun,
 Of the great fellowship you're free;
 Henceforth the School and you are one,
 And what You are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune: yet be sure,
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
Than that which glows on yonder brass.
“*Qui procul hinc*,” the legend's writ—
The frontier-grave is far away—
“*Qui ante diem periit*:
Sed miles, sed pro patriâ.”

RUDYARD KIPLING

1865, Bombay— ———

FUZZY-WUZZY

SOUUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, 1889

WE'VE fought with many men across the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha' porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the
Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class
fightin' man;
We gives you your certifikit, an' if you want it signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever
you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:

But all we ever got from such as they

Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,

But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and
the kid;

Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went
and did.

We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly
fair;

But for all the odds again you, Fuzzy-Wuzz, you bruk
the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,

'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,

So we must certify the skill 'e's shown

In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush

With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,

A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush

Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which
is no more,

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you
to deplore;

But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bar-
gain fair,

For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up
the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,

An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;

'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,

An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.

'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!

'E's a injia-rubber idiot on a spree,

'E's the only thing that doesn't care a damn

For a Regiment o' British Infantryee.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
 An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of hair—
 You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square.

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
 But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
 When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Borderside,
 And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
 He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
 And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:

“Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?”

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:
 “If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.

“At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
 But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
 So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
 By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.

“But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye
then,
For the length and breadth of that grisly plain is sown with
Kamal’s men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean
thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen.”

The Colonel’s son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was
he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of
the gallows-tree.
The Colonel’s son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to
eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his
meat.

He’s up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father’s mare in the gut of the Tongue
of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father’s mare with Kamal upon her
back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol
crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball
went wide.

“Ye shoot like a soldier,” Kamal said. “Show now if ye can
ride.”

It’s up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils
go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren
doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a lady plays
with a glove.

There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean
thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a manw as
seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum
up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-
roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider
free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was
there to strive,

““Twas only by favor of mine,” quoth he, “ye rode so long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of
tree

But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his
knee.

“If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row;
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could
not fly.”

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats, befcre thou makest
a feast.

If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones
away,
Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more than a thief could
pay.

“They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on
the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle
are slain.

But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn—howl, dog, and call
them up.

“And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer, and gear,
and stack,

Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my own way
back!”

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
“No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “when wolf and grey-wolf
meet.

“May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with
Death?”

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “I hold by the blood of my
clan:

Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God she has carried
a man!”

The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuzzled against his
breast;

“We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “but she loveth
the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups
twain.”

The Colonel’s son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,

“Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said he; “will ye take the
mate from a friend?”

“A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight; “a limb for the risk
of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I’ll send my son to him!”

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a
mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance
in rest.

"Now, here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of
the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.

"Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp, and board, and bed;
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.

So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are
thine,

And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the
Border-line.

"And thou must make a trooper tough, and hack thy way to
power—

Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in
Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they
found no fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened
bread and salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and
fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the wondrous
names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the
dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went
forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords
flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the
mountaineer.

"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the
steel at your sides!

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man
of the Guides!"

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the
ends of the earth!*

THE EXPLORER

“THERE’S no sense in going further—it’s the edge of cultivation,”

So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed
my crop—

Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and
stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—so:
“Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the
Ranges—

Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you.
Go!”

So I went, worn out of patience; never told my nearest neighbors—

Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em drinking in the
town;

And the faith that moveth mountains didn’t seem to help my
labors

As I faced the sheer main-ranges. whipping up and leading
down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks and
dodging shoulders,

Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of grass;

Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and naked boulders—

Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd stumbled on the Pass.

Thought to name it for the finder: but that night the Norther found me—

Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies: so I called the camp Despair

(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though.) Then my Whisper waked to hound me:—

“Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder. Go you there!”

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His Hand was certain o'er me.

Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better men had died—

I could reach the township living, but . . . He knows what terrors tore me. . . .

But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned to aloes, And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming stream ran by;

But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water drained to shallows—

And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth, and blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by them;

I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the smoke;

I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone to try 'em.

“Something lost behind the Ranges,” was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it.

When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I saw.
Very full of dreams that desert: but my two legs took me
through it. . . .

And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all black and
raw.

But at last the country altered—White man's country past
disputing—

Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills behind—
There I found me food and water, and I lay a week recruiting,
Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I entered
on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees and blazed
and ringed 'em—

Week by week I pried and sampled—week by week my find-
ings grew.

Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a king-
dom!

But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the worth
of two!

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised snow-
slide shivers—

Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin ore-bed
stains,

Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains!

Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between
'em;

Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head an
hour;

Counted leagues of water-frontage through the ax-ripe woods
that screen 'em—

Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever chaps that followed—

Came, a dozen men together—never knew my desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water holes I'd hollowed.

They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships—not the cities that I set there.

They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers heard at night.
By my old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there,

By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?

Have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples)? No, not I.

Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.

But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water transit sure and steady

(That should keep the railway rates down), coal and iron at your doors.

God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready,

Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes, your "edge of cultivation"

And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the range to see.

God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
Anybody might have found it, but—His Whisper came to Me!

RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The Captains and the Kings depart—
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard—
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard,—
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! AMEN.

L'ENVOI

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted
and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has
died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an eon
or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work anew!
And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a
golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten league canvas with brushes of comet's
hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter,
and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!
And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall
blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for
fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate
star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of things as
They Are!

JOHN MASEFIELD

Gloucestershire—

CARGOES

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
 Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
 With a cargo of diamonds,
 Emeralds, amethysts,
 Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smokestack,
 Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
 With a cargo of Tyne coal,
 Road-rails, pig-lead,
 Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG

I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing,
 With emeralds and rubies and sapphires in her hold;
 And a bosun in a blue coat bawling at the railing,
 Piping through a silver call that had a chain of gold;
 The summer wind was failing and the tall ship rolled.

I saw a ship a-steering, a-steering, a-steering,
 With roses in red thread worked upon her sails;
 With sacks of purple amethysts, the spoils of buccaneering,
 Skins of musky yellow wine, and silks in bales,
 Her merry men were cheering, hauling on the brails.

I saw a ship a-sinking, a-sinking, a-sinking,
 With glittering sea-water splashing on her decks,
 With seamen in her spirit-room singing songs and drinking,
 Pulling claret-bottles down, and knocking off the necks;
 The broken glass was chinking as she sank among the wrecks.

SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;

And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's
shaking,

And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking,

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls
crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a
whetted knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

ALFRED NOYES

1880, Staffordshire—

A SONG OF SHERWOOD

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlet from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking can and grey goose-feather.
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the Follow! Follow! and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

PART I

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at
his chin,

A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to his thigh!
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,

His pistol butts a-twinkle,

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked
and barred;

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting
there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
 Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;
 His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay,
 But he loved the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
 Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
 But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning
 light;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
 Then look for me by moonlight,

Watch for me by moonlight,
 I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.”

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
 But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like
 a brand

As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
 And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,

(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)

Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away
 to the West.

PART II

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
 And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
 When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
 A red-coat troop came marching—

Marching—marching—

King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
 But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of
 her narrow bed;

Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;

And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!

“Now keep good watch!” and they kissed her. She heard the dead man say—

Look for me by moonlight;

Watch for me by moonlight;

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!

They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,

Cold, on the stroke of midnight,

The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at last was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!

Up, she stood up at attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,

She would not risk their hearing: she would not strive again;

For the road lay bare in the moonlight;

Blank and bare in the moonlight;

And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;

Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?

Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
 Riding, riding!
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight
and still!

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot*, in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
 Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with
her death.

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know who
 stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own
 red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the
 darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier bran-
 dished high!
Blood-red were his spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was his
 velvet coat;
When they shot him down on the highway,
 Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace
 at his throat.

• • • • •
*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,*

When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,

A highwayman comes riding—

Riding—riding—

A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;

And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;

*He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,*

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST

I TELL you a tale to-night

Which a seaman told to me,

With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light

And a voice as low as the sea.

You could almost hear the stars

Twinkling up in the sky,

And the old wind woke and moaned in the spars,

And the same old waves went by,

Singing the same old song

As ages and ages ago,

While he froze my blood in that deep sea night

With the things that he seemed to know.

A bare foot pattered on deck;

Ropes creaked; then—all grew still,

And he pointed his finger straight in my face

And growled, as a sea dog will.

“Do 'ee know who Nelson was?

That pore little shriveled form,

With the patch on his eye and the pinned up sleeve

And a soul like a North Sea storm?

“Ask of the Devonshire men!
They know, and they’ll tell you true;
He wasn’t the pore little chawed-up chap
That Hardy thought he knew.

“He wasn’t the man you think!
His patch was a dern disguise!
For he knew that they’d find him out, d’you see,
If they looked him in both his eyes.

“He was twice as big as he seemed;
But his clothes were cunningly made.
He’d both of his hairy arms all right!
The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

“You’ve heard of sperrits, no doubt;
Well, there’s more in the matter than that!
But he wasn’t the patch and he wasn’t the sleeve,
And he wasn’t the laced cocked-hat.

“Nelson was just—a Ghost!
You may laugh! But the Devonshire men
They knew that he’d come when England called,
And they know that he’ll come again.

“I’ll tell you the way it was
(For none of the landsmen know),
And to tell it you right, you must go a-starn
Two hundred years or so.

“The waves were lapping and slapping
The same as they are to-day;
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship
In Nombre Dios Day.

“The scent of the foreign flowers
Came floating all around;
‘But I’d give my soul for the smell o’ the pitch,’
Says he, ‘in Plymouth Sound.’

“‘What shall I do,’ he says,
‘When the guns begin to roar,
An’ England wants me, and me not there
To shatter ’er foes once more?’

“(You’ve heard what he said, maybe
But I’ll mark you the p’ints again;
For I want you to box your compass right
And get my story plain.)

“‘You must take my drum,’ he says,
‘To the old sea-wall at home;
And if ever you strike that drum,’ he says,
‘Why, strike me blind, I’ll come!

“‘If England needs me, dead
Or living, I’ll rise that day!
I’ll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand miles away.’

“That’s what he said; and he died;
An’ his pirates, listenin’ roun’,
With their crimson doublets and jewelled swords
That flashed as the sun went down.

“They sewed him up in his shroud
With a round-shot top and toe,
To sink him under the salt sharp sea
Where all good seamen go.

“They lowered him down in the deep,
And there in the sunset light
They boomed a broadside over his grave,
As meanin’ to say ‘Good-night.’

“They sailed away in the dark
To the dear little isle they knew;
And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall,
The same as he told them to.

• • • • • • • •
“Two hundred years went by,
And the guns began to roar,
And England was fighting hard for her life,
As ever she fought of yore.

“It’s only my dead that count,”
She said, as she says to-day;
‘It isn’t the ships and it isn’t the guns
’Ull sweep Trafalgar’s Bay.’

“D’ you guess who Nelson was?
You may laugh, but it’s true as true!
There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap
Than ever his best friend knew.

“The foe was creepin’ close,
In the dark, to our white-cliffed isle;
They were ready to leap at England’s throat,
When—O, you may smile, you may smile;

“But—ask of the Devonshire men;
For they heard in the dead of night
The roll of a drum and they saw him pass
On a ship all shining white.

“He stretched out his dead cold face,
And he sailed in the grand old way!
The fishes had taken an eye and an arm,
But he swept Trafalgar’s Bay.

“Nelson—was Francis Drake!
O, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,
If your soul’s like a North Sea storm?”

REFERENCES

TECHNICAL AND HISTORICAL

TYPES OF POETRY

Epic, the poetry of great events concerned with the fortunes of some central figure related in a majestic style (*Homer's Odyssey*).

Dramatic, the conversation or monologues in verse, which reveal the characters, motives, and acts of the persons of the drama (*Macbeth*).

Didactic teaches the reader, either directly, as a lecture, or by suggestion through the use of a story with a moral (*How Doth the Little Busy Bee*).

Narrative tells a story (*The Lady of the Lake*).

Ballad, a form of narrative poetry which had its origin in the common people, and deals either with their own life or with heroic deeds they have merely heard of (*Robin Hood*).

Ode, a high, that is, a ceremonial or hymn-like type of poetry, giving beauty and fulness to a definite theme or subject (*The Ode on a Grecian Urn*).

Lyric, so called from the lyre with which it was anciently supposed to be accompanied, hence, a song-like poem, dealing with a single thought or emotion, and expressed in the first person. The chief essential of its form is melody (*Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright*).

Elegy, a sad or reflective lyric, usually with a narrative element (*The Elegy in a Country Churchyard*).

Sonnet, a lyric of fourteen verses (lines) in which the thought or emotion is regarded in the first part as developing, in the second part as being applied. Sometimes the development occupies twelve verses and the application two (*When to the sessions of sweet silent thought*); and sometimes the develop-

ment occupies eight and the application six (*Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold*).

Epigram, as Professor Gummere points out, is a poem *written on* something; it is therefore short and to the point. It bears the same relation to an ordinary form of expression that a diamond bears to a lump of coal—it is compressed, hard, brilliant, costly, and likely to cut or scratch (*You beat your pate and fancy wit will come*).

Epitaph, on a tomb, originally; then, any inscription conveying remembrance of the dead.

Pastoral, originally the artistic imitation of the songs shepherds were supposed to sing when tending their flocks (*Come live with me and be my love*); then broadened to include almost any poetic rural theme (*The Deserted Village*).

Vers de Société. There must be some *occasion*, slight or serious, treated with wit, cleverness, and lightness (*On a Girdle*).

Vers Libre, the most modern type of verse, in which the chief regard is paid to the *visualizing* of sensuous details, and in which there is the most perfect *freedom* of versification. There are no examples of this ultra-romantic school of poetry in this little volume.

PROSODY (SCIENCE OF VERSIFICATION)

From the Latin *versor*, to keep turning, is **verse**, used as a general equivalent for the word poetry (*British Verse for Boys*); also used as a more modest word than poetry (*Album Verses*); also the correct term for a *line* of poetry (the first *verse* of the poem). A verse is self-limited in length, but a line of prose is limited only by the width of the page.

Stanza, a natural group of related verses.

Rhyme, in its ordinary sense, the repetition of similar, not identical, syllables. These similar syllables ordinarily come at the end of the verses (sing, ring). When the syllable in the midst of the verse is similar to one at the end, the rhyme is called *mid-line rhyme* (About, about, in reel and rout); when two syllables rhyme with two others, the rhyme is called *double* (singing—ringing). Unrhymed verse is called *blank*.

Rhythm, the flow of sound; and, as sounds tend to flow in waves, some louder than others, rhythm has come to mean recurrence of accents, either regular or regularly varied. Examples are: the ticking of a watch; the beating of the pulse; the accent of speech; a verse (Alone, alone, all, all alone, alone on a wide, wide sea).

Metre. Measure of rhythm. Count the accents in the example just above, and you will find there are seven. Metrically arranged, as in the *Ancient Mariner* from which the verses are quoted,

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,

you will notice that four of the seven are in the first verse, three in the second. Such metre as this is called *Ballad Metre*. Metres are named from the number of accents in the verse, which may vary from one to eight. Metres also may move swiftly or slowly; and curiously enough the effect of swiftness arises from the increase in the ratio of syllables to accents. Study these examples. How many syllables in each verse? How many accents in each? Which moves faster?

1. O hark, O hear, how thin and clear.
2. O young Lochinvar is come out of the West.

Feet are the groups of syllables which make up a verse. In every group there is one accented syllable and one or more unaccented. Study this nursery rhyme:

Simple Simon went a fishing
For to catch a whale.

There are four feet in the first verse, three in the second. Study this from Longfellow:

This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks

There are six feet in this verse. Study this from Milton:

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light, fantastic toe.

There are four feet in each verse.

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The character of the individual foot is best learned from Coleridge, who wrote a poem for his own boy on this subject. You will find it on page 141.

Scanning consists in marking the feet of a verse of poetry, first in the mind by the sound, and then on paper. It is usual to mark the feet, as feet, by vertical lines; but it is also of importance to discern which is the accented syllable in each foot and mark that. There is an oral scansion, which consists of reading the verse with an artificial stress on the accented syllables. Remember that the first step in scanning is a natural reading of the verse, with an intelligent regard for its meaning.

It is | an An | cent Mar | iner,|
And he stop | peth one | of three.|

In scanning this passage it was first noted that Coleridge intended to name a person as if seen on the street holding up one of three other persons whom he met. This idea requires the first accent to fall on *it* rather than *is*. The stresses on *An* and *Mar* are obvious, but the one on *er* is not a natural stress as the word is commonly pronounced. It is a stress only in comparison with the stress as the preceding syllable *i*. (To make this clear, read the verse aloud, and try putting the stress on *i*.) The first accent we naturally come upon in the second verse is on *stop*, which requires us to pass over two syllables without stress, instead of one as in the last three feet of the verse above. (Observe the effect on the sense of the verse, of putting the stress on any other syllables than the ones marked. This comes about through the principle that the poet as well as we, his readers, knew what was the common understanding of words and phrases, and constructed his verse accordingly. This apparently unnecessary remark is occasioned by the feeling a good many boys have that there is something arbitrary about scanning. Other examples follow:

So all | day long | the noise | of bat | tle roll'd |

This is a clear and regular example of *blank, heroic* verse,

which has ten syllables, five accents, each accent falling on the second syllable of the foot, as a rule. The following verse scans the same, except for what is called a *shift* of accent in the opening foot—a delightful variety in a long poem, and also except for the extra syllable at the end, which is known as a feminine ending,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder.

Below is an example made up wholly of feet in which the accent falls on the first of each two syllables, and in which also there is an irregularity frequently found in verse—the omission of the final syllable:

What hath night to do with sleep?

Pause may take the place of an unaccented syllable as in the verse just scanned. It may appear in other places than at the end of the verse, especially in dramatic poetry when the effect of sudden change is desired. There is also in all long verses, a kind of pause which does not take the place of any syllable, but is used to control the phrasing or inflecting of the verse. It is called the *Cæsura*. In the following examples the cæsuras occur at different points in the verse:

When I | dipt in | to the fut | ure || far | as hu | man eye | could
see |

Immor | tal vig || or though | oppressed | and fallen |

Shortly | shall all | my lab | ors end,|| and | thou |

My duke | dom || since | you've 'giv | en me | again |

Quatrain, a stanza of four verses in which the fourth rhymes with the second, and the third may rhyme with the first. Sometimes, but rarely, the fourth rhymes not with the second but with the first.

Couplet, two verses rhymed.

Heroic Couplet, a pair of 5-beat, 10-syllable verses rhymed.

The most familiar form is that established in the 17th century, on Chaucer's model, and brought to perfection in the 18th century, by Pope. Its characteristics are its completeness, its ease, and its patness or point.

Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Special Forms of verse, particularly if produced in English by foreign influence, should be studied in such treatises as Professor Gummere's *Handbook of Poetics*. (Ginn and Company.) But many may be observed in this volume, and to some attention has been called in the notes.

Poet Laureate, a poet of unquestioned character and loyalty, who is given a small pension, and the honor of being the official poet of the kingdom. Laureate means crowned with laurel, which was the leaf with which poets were crowned in ancient Greece, at the festivals in honor of Apollo, the god of poetry. It has sometimes happened that the laurel has not crowned the most gifted poet of England. On the other hand, Tennyson, by his work in general and his occasional poems, (such as his *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*), reflected glory on the office.

POETICAL PERIODS OR MOVEMENTS

There have been great single poets in times not favorable to their growth, but as a rule greatness or even success has been in part conditioned by the age. The age does not account for Chaucer, except in a very slight degree. It does go far towards explaining Shakspere, Pope, or Tennyson.

The **Renaissance** or *New Learning* had been a gradual development in England during the XV century. It consisted essentially in the influence upon English thought of the ideals and impulses of Italy, as hers had grown out of the new-born enthusiasm for classical literature and art which had possessed her scholars for two centuries. The growth of the art and fashion of painting at this time in England was of course a great help,

and certain great continental scholars came into England to give University men a good chance to study Greek and Latin at home. The enlarging of the bounds of imaginative study, the expansion of foreign relations of all kinds due to larger commerce and explorations, the XVI century religious excitement and freedom, the new-found national consciousness of Britain, all worked together to produce an atmosphere favorable to original literary endeavor, and one which offered both new and interesting material to write about, and a new and larger public to write for. On this high and rising tide of life rode the poets Spenser, Marlowe, and Shakspere, with all the other Elizabethans. It was an age in which genius was fostered. Great things were done with no consciousness that they were either great or difficult.

The Puritan Age followed that of Elizabeth. It was an age of reaction from worldly standards. The conscience of the nation had awakened with its imagination, and a new and critical form of piety developed. Poets who were far from being Puritans themselves felt the influence of this atmosphere of morality, and were moved either to sympathy with it or hostility to it. The Cavalier Poets, the followers of King Charles, quite frankly took a non-Puritanic view, and made what capital they could out of ridiculing the peculiar advocates of righteousness. Their doctrine was in some cases the one deplored in Scripture, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Such a doctrine brought out the delightful lyrics of Lovelace, while Milton's mighty trumpet voiced the serious spirit of the age.

The Restoration is the name given to the period of revolt from the restraint of the Puritans, when at the close of the Commonwealth in 1660 the Stuarts were restored to power. It was a dissolute and decadent age, and was happily soon past. Dryden lived through it.

The Classical Age was the period, of uncertain duration, which covered most of the poetical activities of England from 1688 to 1760—the reigns of William and Mary, Anne, and the first two Georges. The typical work of this period was unoriginal in

thought, and rule-ridden in form. Of course there were writers of unusual brilliancy and talent who rose above the age, but not a single poet who could not be spared from our daily thought and reading without serious unhappiness. The three great names are Dryden, Pope, and Swift. The influences which made the age peculiar were, first, political and religious timidity and weariness; second, unblushing self-interest; third, the habit of imitation,—one man imitated another, and all imitated Horace, or Juvenal, or some other Latin poet; fourth, the fashions, and especially the fashion of following the French ideas of the time in china, in furniture, in manners, in vices and virtues, and particularly in the rules for writing poetry. The age was of value to those which have succeeded it chiefly through the development of the art of saying things with extreme *clearness*. But as this is a merit of prose rather than of verse, we cannot consider this description the highest praise.

The *Age of Romanticism* marked the swing of the pendulum of freedom of thought and style away from its Classical restraints. Burns, Cowper, Gray, then Wordsworth and Coleridge, then Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Scott—these names suggest the way the world won back its habit of thinking sincerely and writing in harmony with the thought and not according to rule or fashion. As you read on and on, in this little book, you will find yourself passing through one atmosphere after another, and if you are keen to notice, you will *feel* the ages as you feel changes in the country through which you bowl along in an open car.

One caution may be necessary. You must not suppose that a *Romanticist* is the same as a romancer. *Romanticism* is the laying of the chief emphasis in poetry on the substance rather than on the form, and especially it is contrary to self-conscious and traditional form. Classicism is conventionality; Romanticism, liberty.

DATES

The following dates in English history are of occasional value to one who is studying the poetry age by age:

XIV Century: Edward III and the Black Prince. War with France.

XV Century: Introduction of printing. Study of Greek in the Universities. Discovery and Exploration. Wars of the Roses end.

Henry VIII: (1509) *New Learning* encouraged. Quarrel with Roman church brought England into the current of the *Reformation*.

Edward VI: Great schools established on ruins of monasteries.

Elizabeth: Religious toleration, large undertakings, height of *Renaissance*, new pride in national greatness.

James I: (1603) Continuance of most lines of Elizabethan activity. The *King James Version* of the Bible. Rise of Puritans.

Charles I: (1625) People rose, and in 1649 established *commonwealth*, which for eleven years marked England as a Puritan Democracy. Oliver Cromwell was its chief, with title of Protector; Milton its Latin or Foreign Secretary, who had the task of justifying the Protectorate to the monarchies of Europe.

Charles II: (1660) The Restoration of the Stuarts, and, with them, of the Church of England.

William of Orange and Mary Stuart: (1688) an elected king, and the Whig party in the ascendant.

Anne: (1702) The last of the Stuarts. *Tatler* and *Spectator* published. Foreign wars.

George I: (1714) First of the House of Hanover. German Prince, with no English sympathy or language.

George II: (1725) Miscalled *Augustus*, from his supposed likeness to Augustus Cæsar in patronizing men of letters.

George III: (1760) who looked on while the world threw off many of the restraints which tradition and government had long maintained. The revolutions in America and France were political, but it was not more in politics than in literature an age of change and newness.

Lake Poets: This is a name given to Wordsworth and his two friends, Coleridge and Southey, because they lived a longer or shorter time in the English Lake Country—Westmoreland. Wordsworth was in a very real sense a lake-poet.

Victoria: (1837) In its way this reign was as rich as that of Elizabeth—but one was rich in energy, initiative, and promise; the other in the results of these precious beginnings of greatness. With all pride in the work of Darwin we ought to remember that he was in a sense made possible by Bacon. So in literature, the long list of notable men descended from that list of far-distant pioneers called the Elizabethans. To what men and women, and of what kind of literary powers, will the genius of the Victorian Age become a heritage?

George V: (1907) This is a time of many good poets, and much sincere and lofty pursuit of truth. We are too close to judge it fairly, but if there is one quality that deserves to be called dominant, it is, perhaps, the quality of *realism*—the portrayal of life with its facts and motives unadorned; splendor and magnitude are apparently not yet reached in current poetry. Can it be that the world war—the blackest tragedy of all time—will generate these attributes of a majestic literature? Can it be that British thought is even now stumbling up the great world's altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God?

INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

The tomb of Thomas à Becket, the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, had been for many years a holy shrine to pilgrims from all parts of England. The *Canterbury Tales* are supposed to be told by Chaucer and his companions on their pilgrimage to Becket's tomb. In the prologue, the characters are introduced, and the place and manner of their meeting at the Tabard, in South London, are described.

There were thirty in the company in all, representing almost as many types and vocations; and each member was supposed, in Chaucer's original plan, to tell two stories going to Canterbury, and two more coming back. This scheme was by no means completely executed, but twenty-four *Tales* have come down to us, each fittingly told by a pilgrim-character, and each evidence of the genius of the Father of English Poetry.

The life of Chaucer had prepared him in an extraordinary way to write of various classes of English society. He is thought of as a courtier, diplomat, or statesman. But he had begun life as pot-boy in his father's wine-shop; then had served successively as page in the household of a prince, soldier in the army of Edward III, and valet to the king. He had been the passionate lover of a lady beyond his reach, a student of literature and of science, a custom-house officer in London, a famous traveler, and a practical man of affairs. It is this varied experience, as well as his gift for seeing and writing vividly, that made his portrayals and stories immortal.

Chaucer's personal gifts were chiefly a loyal heart, a charming manner, a kindly wit, broad sympathies, and common sense. He was the first poet to be buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

soote, sweet

swich, such

virtue, life

holt, wood

Ram, that "sign of the zodiac"

through which the sun
passes in April

corages, hearts

halwes, holy places, shrines

kouth, famous

devyse, show	wympel, veil, covering head and neck
ferre, further	
reysed, forayed	y-pynched, plaited
arive, a gathering of troops at the shore (<i>ad ripam</i>) for an expedition	tretrys, pretty
ilke, same	fetys, neat
prys, praise	logik, learning
vileinye, vulgarity	overeste courtepy, outer garment
wight, person	benefice, living, pastorate
fustyan, homespun	office, civic office
gepon, short, tight coat	levere, more eager
bysmotered, smudged	fithele, fiddle
habergeoun, coat of mail	sawtrie, harp
bacheler, a squire who aspires to become a knight	philosophre, a pun, the word meaning either "lover of learning" or "alchemist"
crulle, curly	herete, get
evene lengthe, average height	sentence, meaning
delyver, nimble	sowning, tending to
chivachye, cavalry service	sythes, times
floytynge, playing his flute	lafte nat, ceased not
make and endite, compose and write	lewed, ignorant
nightertale, night time	keep, care (for his worldly interests)
cleped, called	leet, left
fetysly, accurately	chaunterie for soules, a chance to sing masses in the cathedral
leste, pleasure	withholde, maintained, living free in a monastery
raughte, reached	mercenarie, hireling
sikerly, certainly	despitous, cruel
disport, fun	daungerous ne digne, difficult nor disdainful
peyned, took pains	snybbene, rebuke
countrefete cheere, imitate the manners	nones, occasion
estatlich, stately	spiced, high-flavored with worldly knowledge
wastel breed, bread made of fine wheat-flour	
yerde, stick	

BALLADS

Between the work of genial Chaucer and the height of the *Renaissance* in the middle of the Sixteenth Century, there was a period of English life comparatively unblest by written poetry. But the people were singing, taught by their gifted though unlettered bards, and their songs were here and there, as time went on, committed to paper. They were called ballads, and celebrate every sort of public or private event, telling the news or retelling famous stories. They move rapidly in couplets of seven beats (usually printed as verses of four and three) and are marked by swift action, simple thought, and a way of their own of painting pictures and relating events. In their original mediæval use they were not recited, but sung to some accompaniment, perhaps of a harp; and to many of them even now traditional melodies are attached.

SIR PATRICK SPENS. Eric, the King of Norway, and his Scottish bride, died in 1278, or thereabout, leaving a little daughter. King Edward I of England, some years later, concluded that it would be "good politics" to marry his son to this "Maiden of Norway," as she was quaintly called. So, to use the words of the chronicle, "Ambassadors were despatched to bring home the royal infant, who, to the great grief of the whole kingdom, died on the voyage." Was this the "King's daughter of Norway," and were the ambassadors the "Scots lairds" in "cork-heeled shoon"? This is a good example of the way in which actual events found their way into the popular ballads, after a century or two had enveloped the facts in a romantic mist.

Dunfermline, ancient residence of the Scottish kings, and the birth-place of Andrew Carnegie.

skeely, skilful

braid, broad

King's daughter, very likely an allusion to the daughter of Eric of Norway who as bride of Prince Henry died on her voyage to Scotland.

lap, leaped, sprang

wap, bind

laith, loath

Chevy Chase, Cheviot Hunting

wode, furious

lode, load of blows

jow, toll

Islington, pronounce *Islington*

fond, foolish, doting

SIR EDWARD DYER

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS sets forth a quaint but shrewd analysis of the doctrine of *contentment*. Note how this doctrine differs from that of *satisfaction*. One seeks enough, the other restrains desire. In the apprehension of this difference lies the secret of happiness, as truly now as it did three centuries ago when Sir Edward expounded it. The theory of life contained in this poem was put to the extreme test of actual experiment by a New England scholar in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, Henry David Thoreau, who left the social life of Concord for the simplicity of a cabin on lonely Walden Pond. Such an application of the theory is interesting, but not necessary. The truest test would take place in the midst of ordinary conditions. We often hear of a man who eagerly seeks more money, though he is already so rich that his wealth is a burden to him. Has he Sir Edward's spirit?

grows by kind, is produced by nature.

want, lack, (*not* desire).

thrall, slave.

surfeits, sickens with excess.

pine, waste away with longing.

ease, peace.

EDMUND SPENSER

The name *Amoretti*, which Spenser gave his love Sonnets, was borrowed from Italy along with the Sonnet itself (Such things give the words "Italian influence" and "Renaissance" a more definite meaning to us. They show England in the act of learning from Italy). These verses were written to honor his wife, the "Irish country lass," Elizabeth Boyle, while the *Facie Queen* was written to honor the great Elizabeth of England. The stanza, called *Spenserian*, in which this great work is written, is worthy of special examination. It has how many verses? What is the rhyme order in the first stanza? Is it the same in all? How many beats in the various verses? Was it a small thing to write so many such stanzas? Yet Spenser, filled with the boundless energy of the age, did not blench at the prospect of completing his gigantic plan for twenty-four books in the same style. What did discourage him is shown with pathetic clearness in the little poem, *Hope Deferred*, above. Spenser drew his famous passage on the trees from Chaucer. The interesting parallel may be studied by re-

ferring to Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules* (Meeting of the Birds) lines 176-182.

juniper, a low, spreading evergreen bush.

eglantine, sometimes the honeysuckle, but here the dogrose or large wild brier common in English hedges.

pill, bitter because concentrated essence of the nut.

moly, a mythical white flower, with a black root.

sour enough, a mixed flavor, like sorrel.

suing, petitioning—here, for royal favors.

Prince's, Queen Elizabeth's.

Sayling Pine, used for masts of ships.

weepeth still, balsam from its boughs, like tears.

forlorne paramours, lonely lovers. I recall hearing, some years ago, that great Yorkshireman Dr. Calthrop, sing this ancient Yorkshire ditty:

“All 'round my hat I wears a green willow;
All 'round my hat, for a year and a day.
If any one should ask you the reason why I wears it,
Then say that my true love is far, far away.”

Eugh, yew, of which the English made their bows.

shaftes, arrows.

Sallow, a kind of willow specially good for making into charcoal.

Mirrhe, which when “bitterly wounded” exudes an aromatic gum.

Warlike Beech, used for clubs and shields.

Platane, the plane-tree, which bears round balls.

Holme, or holly, the best wood for carving.

weening, hoping, expecting.

JOHN LYL

Lyl shared in the English Revival of classical learning. He was a wit in the Queen's court, and a London schoolmaster. He wrote both brilliant plays and two strange prose books about *Euphues* (the Well-Bred). These spread abroad a fanciful kind of language, called Euphuism, which influenced the style of many writers, including Shakspere.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE. Appelles, the court-painter, was required to paint the portrait of Campaspe, the Persian captive of Alexander the Great. The artist fell deep in love with the fair slave, sang this song in her praise, was overheard, was threatened by the Emperor,

gave up hope even of life, and finally was raised to a heaven of joy by being given Campaspe for his bride.

his mother's doves, etc. Cupid made free with the property of Venus, his mother, in the desperate game with Campaspe, in addition to losing to her all his own charms.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Sidney was the "soldier of the queen" who was so fortunate as to become the example to all young men in his own day and ever since, of true manhood and gentleness. You remember the "cup of water" given to the common soldier on the field of Zutphen?

To SLEEP. Compare Sidney's description of sleep with that which Shakspere puts into the mouth of Macbeth, Act II, Sc. II. "Stella" was Sidney's name for the Lady Penelope Devereux, to whom he was betrothed. The *Arcadia*, from which this tuneful sonnet is drawn, is a prose romance, very elaborate and fanciful, but not interesting to most readers nowadays.

certain knot, one that will not let peace slip.

baiting-place, where wit stops to refresh itself.

proof, armor.

civil wars, because within himself.

image, his only consolation for a sleepless night will be the memory of his lady-love.

MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART. Theophile Marzial's setting of this madrigal in the musical form called the Canon, is an exquisite duet. Only the first eight lines, the octet, is sung. Do you see the reason for this?

MICHAEL DRAYTON

Michael Drayton was a very patriotic poet. He wrote long and stirring accounts of English heroes, especially in war, but his most important work was a sort of rhymed geography of 100,000 lines, called *Polyolbion*, which describes the mountains, fields, forests, towns and rivers of Britain, and tells stories about them all. It is not by these long poems, however, that Drayton is best known, but by his lyrics, for example, the sonnet, *Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part*. This is particularly admired on account of the sudden turn given to the thought in the closing couplet.

Passion, the same person as Love in the verse above.

The spirited account of the battle of Agincourt, between Henry V and the French, affords another good example. The victory of the English Yeomen is presented dramatically in the fourth act of Shakspere's *Henry V*; and Drayton's lyrical form was admired by Tennyson, as may be discovered in his *Charge of the Light Brigade*. So it appears that both the theme and the metre of this particular poem of Drayton's are of special interest.

Agincourt, pronounce so as to rhyme with *fort*.

bilbos, swords, from the town in Spain where they were made.

maiden knight, because fighting his first battle.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

When we think of Marlowe, we see a life of the greatest promise cut off before its prime. Marlowe was a natural scholar. He had every advantage offered by the stimulating atmosphere of Cambridge University at the height of the English Renaissance. A dramatic gift, second to none, found expression in five powerful tragedies, written in that blank verse *Pentameter* which has since been the medium of all the highest utterances in English poetry; but his life also was a tragedy, and ended violently in a tavern brawl.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE. The imagery employed to ornament this appeal is not only artificial; it reflects the pastoral ornamentation of the love poetry of the ancient Greeks, of whom Marlowe was an enthusiastic disciple—another evidence of the English revival of classical learning.

madrigals, shepherd's songs, usually of love.

kirtle, skirt, or jacket with skirt attached.

swains, rustic youths.

TAMBURLAINE TO CALYPHAS. This brief passage is introduced to give an idea of "Marlowe's mighty line." Tamburlaine, the powerful Eastern conqueror, had three sons. Of these three boys, two were outspoken in their eagerness to join their father's army. But Calyphas, feeling sorry for his mother who would thus be bereft of her children, expressed a modest desire to remain at home. Thereupon the warlike king burst forth upon him in this scathing rebuke.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

From the discordant life of Marlowe it is a relief to turn to the poet whom Milton called "Sweetest Shakspere, Fancy's child." The cen-

tral fact of Shakspere's life is his possession and exercise of *genius*. The most important secondary fact about Shakspere is that he lived in that age of England's history which may be described as the most restlessly and joyously alive—the Age of Elizabeth. The genius of Shakspere was primarily a genius for appreciating every phase of the life of this restless and joyous age, every thing, every person, every event, every sight or sound. With this gift of universal interest and insight was joined the most facile power of expression ever accorded to the pen of man. Shakspere was a country lad, and even after he went up to London to seek his fortune, he had neither time nor opportunity for systematic study. His university was the world; his teachers, fellow-playwrights, or the "groundlings" who roared from the "pit," or the gay noblemen who frequented the boxes and patronized the dramatists. Out of all this came the greatest of poets—the Voice through whom, for three hundred years, have vibrated the hopes, fears, loves, ambitions, griefs, and merriment of mankind.

Five SONNETS. These sonnets, in the English, not the true Italian, form, are sometimes called *quatorzains*. They consist of three quatrains and a couplet, and the thought is usually "developed" through the first twelve lines, and then rather epigrammatically "applied" in the last two. The five sonnets here given are drawn from Shakspere's great series of one hundred and fifty-four.

bootless, profitless, vain.

like him, may be taken as like a single other fortunate man, or like one in one respect, and another in another.

contented least is thoroughly explained by Dyer in *My Mind to me a Kingdom is.*

alchemy, which changes baser metals into gold.

anon, soon.

rack, masses of clouds.

forlorn, lost, suggests the German *verloren*.

my sun, the friend who was the light of my life.

chronicle of wasted time, history.

wights, persons.

for, because, used twice adds reason to reason.

outward walls, dress, house, equipage.

aggravate, add weight to, increase.

terms divine, ages in God's presence, cheaply purchased at the expense of *hours of dross*, that is, worthless pleasure.

Death once dead, see *Romans*, VI, 11.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE and BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND are sung in the Forest of Arden by the faithful courtiers of the Banished Duke. The classic setting of these two songs was Dr. Arne's early in the Eighteenth Century. IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS (set to music about the same time by Thomas Morley) is another *As You Like It* song. This one is sung towards the close of the play, and has reference to the clown Touchstone and his affectionate but awkward sweetheart, Audrey. Of course, the effect of these and all other "incidental" songs is greatly enhanced by the background of the play itself. Look up these three in *As You Like It*. HARK, HARK, THE LARK, and SILVIA inspired Schubert, the greatest of all German melodists, to set them to perfect music.

Warp, weave into ice.

there suck I, emphasizes the smallness of the powerful fairy, Ariel, who sings this song to his master, Prospero, the magician—Duke of Milan.

Full fathom five, is also sung by Ariel,—but to Ferdinand, who is made to believe his father drowned.

chaliced, having cups to hold the dew.

winking, because marigolds close at night.

pleasance, gaiety.

brave, fine, splendid.

prime, youth.

HENRY V BEFORE HARFLEUR. To select a typical passage from the dramatic verse of Shakspere is difficult, because proper selections are so many. This one is strong, however, as well as subtle, and shows the young King in the exuberance of his royal leadership, with his loyal knights and eager yeomen waiting on his word. If there is a touch of bombast in the address it may not be Shakspere's so much as King Henry's own. Shouldn't you like to have Shakspere compose a campaign speech for your candidate, or a football speech before your team went out to play?

breach, the hole already *broken* in the city wall.

be copy, here he addresses his noble generals.

yeomen, the freemen of England who had so successfully fought the many battles of the Hundred Years' War.

mettle of your pasture, the spirit produced by your English breeding.

BEN JONSON

Jonson's life was composed of contradictory elements from beginning to end; good birth but much poverty; learning and bricklaying;

hearty friendships and violent quarrels; sword and pen; destitute old age and unparalleled fame. He was recognized by the king and made poet laureate, and he was also recognized by his fellow-poets as their example and autocrat. He produced many dramas, mainly comedies, in the first of which, *Every Man in his Humour*, Shakspere played a part in 1598. He was buried in Westminster Abbey in the Poets' Corner, in a tomb inscribed with the simple but eloquent words, "O Rare Ben Jonson!" It was he who referred to Marlowe's blank verse as "Marlowe's mighty line," and it was he who said of Shakspere, that he had "small Latin and less Greek" (see page 45).

Jonson's fondness for classical learning may be inferred from the following story, if one understands that in his day a common name for brass was *latten*. "It is related that Shakspere was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and said to his friend after the christening, 'I' faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a dozen good latten spoons, and thou shalt translate them.' Jonson wrote a book in which the laws of both Latin and English grammar were explained.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIUS. This title may be rendered, "*artless in adornment*". It is drawn from a Latin ode in which Horace describes a beautiful coquette. Naturally, Ben Jonson, being a great scholar, would use a Latin phrase for a title. Perhaps the phrase suggested the poem.

still, ever, always.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER. How could the same pen produce this rugged metre, that flowed so smoothly in the lyrics which precede? But this blank verse is not all harsh; it contains many eloquent as well as wise and learned passages, and much material of interest to one who wants to know what Jonson thought of his intimate friend, Shakspere.

suffrage, vote.

without a tomb, hence, living.

great but disproportioned, Chaucer and Spenser were great, but not in Shakspere's "class."

seek, lack.

buskin tread, tragedy; **socks,** comedy, after the foot-gear of the actors in the old Greek drama. When the tragic hero was overwhelmed by fate, his fall seemed greater because he was such a gigantic person. The reverse was true in the outcome of a comedy.

for the laurel, in place of the laurel.

issue, children.

shake a lance, a pun on Shakespere's name, and an old one, at that.

banks of Thames, the Swan Theatre was on the south side of the Thames, at Bankside.

Eliza, Elizabeth.

James, James VI of Scotland, who succeeded Elizabeth on England's throne.

advanced, posted or set.

Star of Poets, generous praise from one who, himself, occupied the position of greatest glory among the living dramatists of the time.

GEORGE WITHER

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR. In this declaration of independence, we have our first taste of the light, deft, gentlemanly verse of the Cavalier Poets. One sees clearly that the lover is not the sort to waste away in despair; and one is inclined to suspect that when the lady read his gay verses, she promptly assured him there was no reason why he should. In other words, there is a playfulness, an open unreality or insincerity, about this type of verse, *vers de société*, that we find at once artificial and delightful. It represents only one side of Wither's poetry, however; he lived a long and varied life, and in politics and religion showed very interesting changes of front to the world as it advanced on its way from Elizabeth, through the Puritan period, to the Restoration. His eighty-two years were lived in an age of England's history that must have made them pass very swiftly.

are, pronounced *air*, not only here but commonly until the last century.

silly, empty.

WILLIAM BROWNE

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS. This compliment to the sister of Sir Philip Sidney is attributed with strong probability to William Browne, though it is far better known than he. The last line repeats the image, a favorite one in that age, of the death of Death.

sable hearse, black pall.

ROBERT HERRICK

Herrick was the greatest of the disciples of Ben Jonson among the lyrical poets. His work had power as well as grace, and religious fervor as well as social charm. Stopford Brooke says, "Herrick was

the most remarkable of those who at this time sat below the mountain top on which Milton was alone."

To THE VIRGINS. A piece of advice put in the light and gracious form which was in vogue in the time of Charles I.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER, a different treatment of the same thought as Ben Jonson's *Simplex Munditiis*. Which do you prefer? Julia's silk dress afforded an occasion for another bit of *vers de société*.

wantonness, wilfulness.

erring, wandering.

enthrals, embraces.

stomacher, bodice, or wide belt.

To ANTHEA. A thrilling love song, especially when sung in its fine setting by Hatton. (Songs of England I).

Protestant, I will protest, or swear, myself thine forever.

GEORGE HERBERT

George Herbert went from his native Wales to Trinity College, Cambridge, and then, as vicar, to the "more pleasant than healthful Bemerton." Here he lived in the love and reverence of the simple people of his parish, spread abroad the "sweet and serious learning of the 17th century," and, in particular, wrote many short poems.

His volume of poems called *The Temple* contains one hundred and fifty numbers, compact with thought, and breathing a sincerity and a spirit of consecration unsurpassed in literature. The four numbers which represent Herbert in this collection are all drawn from *The Temple*. Observe the simplicity of their language, their strength, and the ingenuity of their thought. These qualities were calculated to appeal strongly to people in the so-called Puritan age, and they help us of the present time to appreciate Professor George Herbert Palmer's saying, that Herbert was "the first in English Poetry to talk face to face with God."

angry and brave, red and splendid.

the world's riches, literally, all man's for the asking, and no other creature's.

Sorrow dogging sin, a perfect ideal of discipline in school or elsewhere, since only thus can our frail humanity acquire virtue—sorrow, like a dog, close on the heels of sin.

cunning, sly, taking us unaware.

his tincture, its touch, that is, the touch of the Elixir. *His* for *its* was common.

famous stone, the philosopher's stone, or elixir, which, when found, would turn base metal into gold.

be told, be counted and hence valued (related to "tally").

EDMUND WALLER

Waller was the first of that school of poets in the 17th century which prepared the way for Dryden and Pope. The fire and freedom of the Age of Elizabeth had diminished, and influences both native to England and brought in from France began to alter the type of poetry. It grew careful, cold, fine, and comparatively small. Waller's special contribution to this movement, which is called "classical," was the reproduction of Chaucer's *heroic couplet*, with a smoothness which made it tempting to every writer that followed him for more than a century—notably to Dryden, Pope and Goldsmith.

pale, fence, or boundary, and hence sometimes the space enclosed within the fence.

deer, a common and unworthy pun, but not as distressing to the ears of Waller's day as to ours. The Elizabethan looked upon a pun not as a joke to be smiled at, but as an ingenious use of words to be admired.

JOHN MILTON

The man, John Milton, appears in his writing in a more marked degree than any other poet of his age, except perhaps George Herbert. Even when he is deliberately representing a "character" as speaking, it is Milton's thought and feeling that find expression; and this is more true still in the five sonnets given below, where he speaks not dramatically, but directly. Observe, in the first, the young man's ideals; in the second, the eloquent praise of his political chief; in the third, the exultation of the Puritan over the devotion of the martyrs of Piedmont; in the fourth, the consolation for his terrible affliction, which he found in religion; in the last, the "proud humility" of a patriot, who knows how richly he has been paid in the coin of the soul for the sacrifice of his physical eyesight. To sum up the man of these five sonnets, then, we find lofty self-esteem, intense loyalty to ideas and to friends, and a faith in God as lasting and as deep as life itself.

In form, the sonnets are an adaptation of the Italian type—the earliest in English poetry. It is worth while to note the oft-quoted phrase in the one on Cromwell, and the one on his blindness. Observe

also in the one to Cyriack Skinner, the resolute Saxon passage beginning "Nor bate a jot of heart or hope," and the passage in which he exults over his foe in the recent international debate between the Commonwealth of England and the monarchies of Europe. His greatest works were written after he became blind—*Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*.

Milton was only eight years old when Shakspere died, and he was not born till James I had been five years on the English Throne; but he may properly be regarded as in certain respects one of the Elizabethan poets; he himself said he felt he had "been born an age too late." No better evidence of his kinship with the writers of the elder generation is needed than his *Epitaph on Shakspere*, especially the last two verses, which Shakspere himself might have written. But viewed in its larger aspects his genius had the freedom and originality, the sympathy with the great currents of contemporary life, the limitless scope and energy, which characterize the Elizabethan Age. Milton differs from Shakspere and his fellow dramatists in being decidedly more a conscious artist—more seriously bent on being a great poet. This mood or attitude contrasts with the Elizabethan, in which the greatest feats, in every line of human activity, were performed without any apparent realization of their stupendous importance.

Milton at twenty-three had just been advised to give up poetry as a life-work and go into the church. This sonnet is his answer.
timely-happy, those whose age and maturity more clearly correspond.
secular chains, state support for the clergy—a policy which both

Milton and Cromwell opposed, as hostile to religious freedom.
slaughtered saints, the Piedmontese Protestants were victims of the
zeal of their Catholic ruler, the Duke of Savoy.
triple Tyrant, the pope, who wore a triple crown called the tiara.
babylonian woe, the evils associated with the rule of Rome, the modern Babylon. See *Revelation*, chaps. XVII and XVIII.
my light is spent, Milton became blind gradually, but probably
totally lost his sight about 1652.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

Sir John Suckling was a gallant in every sense of the word, a witty, sprightly, and dashing companion, and a typical "Cavalier" poet. He pawned his estate to furnish King Charles with a troop of cavalry, and he rode to his death in Paris on an errand for his Queen.
Prithee, short for, I pray thee.

CAPTAIN RICHARD LOVELACE

A courtier, rich, handsome, dashing, widely famous, and a true Cavalier, was Captain Richard Lovelace. His gallantry and comradeship were of a finer order than Sir John Suckling's; and his verse, though not so witty, was far more beautiful. Each of the two examples here given contains a passage universally quoted. Can you account for the popularity of each passage? [It is true, is it not, that a phrase passes into common use as a quotation because it is thought a particularly effective way to express an idea. It is also true that the idea itself must be one of general application, and that its expression must be brief or striking. What sort of passage is most likely to be quoted from the Bible? Try putting some of the everyday proverbs into a new form of words, say—“a rolling stone gathers no moss,” or, “a fool and his money are soon parted.” How did it happen that “Abe” Lincoln acquired his great reputation for originality of speech, when the most marked feature of his conversation was his use of a never-failing supply of these common adages?]

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON. The first thing to notice in this love-song is the central thought, which appears most plainly in the first two verses of the last stanza. That being the theme of the song, how is it expanded? What standard of liberty does the imprisoned soldier use in the opening stanza? He is as free as the fishes in the sea, in the second stanza; as the winds of heaven in the third; and as the angels above in the last.

wanton in the air, do utterly as they will in the air.

allaying Thames, diluting water.

committed linnets, imprisoned, as Captain Lovelace was. He was guilty of having dared to present to Parliament a petition in behalf of King Charles.

JOHN DRYDEN

John Dryden was poet laureate to Charles II. He was born in the reign of Charles I, lived through the Commonwealth, then through the Restoration and the Revolution, and almost through the reign of William III, dying two years before Anne came to the throne. His position was eminent throughout these various fortunes of the state; and toward the close of his life, Dryden's talents, age, and political experience gave him the name and authority of literary dictator.

He was called King Dryden, and the date of his death may be considered a turning point in the literary history of England.

The inscription for the Portrait of Milton is, of course, chiefly interesting as a tribute of the great Dryden to a contemporary poet, who might have called forth jealousy instead of admiration. It is also interesting as an example of the way in which Dryden handled that familiar medium of all the English poets from 1675 to 1775,—the “heroic couplet.” Note the five beats, the “iambic” foot, the rhyme; but mark the vigor, reserve, and full content of the verse; for while outwardly this line and that of a hundred lesser writers are the same, it will be felt that Dryden was master of the form, while some other poets were mastered by it, and so failed to fill it with themselves—their thought, their emotion, their personality.

Three poets, Homer, Virgil, Milton.

distant ages, distant not from Dryden (for Milton was Dryden’s contemporary), but distant from one another.

The two songs in honor of St. Cecilia, who invented the pipe-organ, were ten years apart in time, and equally distinct in treatment; while each is, of course, devoted to the same theme—the praise of music.

MATTHEW PRIOR

From three or four sentences in Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets* we can draw a none too flattering impression of “Matt Prior.”

“Matthew Prior is one of those that have burst out from an obscure original to great eminence. His opinions, so far as the means of judging are left us, seem to have been right; but his life was irregular, negligent, and sensual. Prior has written with great variety and his variety has made him popular. He has tried all styles, from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not so failed in any as to incur derision or disgrace. Whatever Prior obtains above mediocrity seems the effort of struggle and of toil. He has many vigorous but few happy lines; he has everything by purchase and nothing by gift; he has no *nightly visitations* of the Muse, no infusions of sentiment or felicities of fancy.”

JOSEPH ADDISON

Addison, a profound admirer of Milton, was a greater essayist than poet, but he was skilful in handling the heroic couplet, and turned his skill to the service, on the whole, of useful ends. He was a

mild and friendly spirit in an age of jealousy and bitter satire, and wrote more than one hymn of lofty and inspiring religious tone. The *Spacious Firmament* is sung to the music of the great German composer, Haydn.

The extravagant compliment to *Mira* is intended to represent the silly verses tossed off by such poets of the time as "Ned Softly." To enjoy its humor thoroughly one must read it in its setting in the *Tatler* essay, No. 163.

ISAAC WATTS

Watts was not a poet who could be called great, though a voluminous writer of prose and verse, especially of hymns. He is often quoted—his talent was broad, not high. At an early age (before six) Watts's poetical genius developed itself; and along with Milton and Pope, he may be said to have "lisped in numbers." It was a custom with his mother to engage her husband's pupils after school hours in writing her some verses, for which she used to reward them with a farthing. When little Watts's turn came to exercise his gift for the first time, he furnished the following couplet:

"I write not for a farthing, but to try
How I your farthing writers can outvie."

Here are two examples of "didactic" verse, so called because they teach a certain virtue. What familiar lines in these two poems? How old should a boy be to outgrow the need of such lessons?

Many of the most beautiful old hymns in every modern hymn-book were written by this quaint, strong, sincere, old-fashioned clergyman, perhaps the best known of "Dissenters." What qualities do you note in the hymn given here to justify its use, year after year, by people whose point of view is quite at variance with Dr. Watts's? Is its secret of continued usefulness to be found in its language? In its imagery? Its rhythm? Its religious elevation? Is there a single current of thought running through its seven stanzas, or could one be omitted without loss?

ALEXANDER POPE

Pope is to be admired for his wit and his persistent devotion to the art of poetry. He is to be pitied because he was an unhappy person, diseased in body and soul, and torn between the best he knew and

the poor best he could be and do. He had no small capacity for religious aspiration, as may be seen in his **UNIVERSAL PRAYER**; for humor untouched by rancour, as in the inscription he put on the collar of the dog he presented to the Duke of Buckingham; for the grace of sincere compliment, as in **ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT**. But how far apart in sweetness of spirit are the two views of Addison, twenty years apart in time! The last, in the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, shows why the little fellow in his grotto on the banks of the Thames has been called the "Asp of Twickenham."

After all, the thing about Pope we must not allow to be forgotten is that he was the most exquisite poet of his age. If you want to understand this saying in a thorough and delightful way, read *The Rape of the Lock*, which space alone excluded from this collection.

HENRY CAREY

The **MAIDEN'S IDEAL OF A HUSBAND** contrasts sharply with the crude but hearty views of the apprentice about an *ideal wife*. But the song of *Sally* has been sung since the Seventeenth Century, and is a fine song yet.

JAMES THOMSON

RULE, BRITANNIA is patriotic to the extreme which in modern times is called jingoism. It is perhaps natural that the national note should have changed since Thomson's time, because what he was ambitious for has come to pass, and far more than he dreamed of as a possible expansion of British power. But it has changed also because a higher ideal of power has taken possession of the British imagination, as may be seen in the *Recessional* of Kipling, page 292.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

The mighty lexicographer writing playful quatrains is something like a hippopotamus dancing. But he is very fine in his lament on the death of the old doctor Robert Levet, whom he harbored in his hospitable home for years. The poem shows rough-coated old Johnson in his native largeness of heart and tenderness of Christian sympathy. By way of realizing what a difference the point of view may make, notice that Macaulay, in his *Life of Johnson*, describes Dr. Levet in the following terms: "An old quack doctor named Levet, who bled and dosed coal-heavers and hackney coachmen, and re-

ceived for fees crusts of bread, bits of bacon, glasses of gin, and sometimes a little copper." If you were thinking of writing a poem, should you dare to try your talents on a subject as unpromising as that? Yet Johnson succeeded. Was it his feeling or his art that made success possible?

THOMAS GRAY

Here we have the most important Eighteenth Century poet who broke away from the classical rules binding the most of his contemporaries. The Age of Classicism was formal; Gray thought more of the "spirit," and less of the "letter," and consequently produced a "letter" which has lived.

THE ELEGY. This is especially true of his immortal *Elegy*, a poem not easy for a young student to grasp in its detail, but richly worth his while to study, to understand, and even to learn by heart.

stillness is subject, not object of *holds*.

glebe, turf.

jocund, jolly.

trophies raise, as was common in the churches. The Henry VII chapel in Westminster Abbey is still hung thick with battle-flags. **fretted vault**, the arched ceiling, with Gothic carvings laced upon its surface.

Storied urn, an urn with an inscription or picture upon its sides.

animated bust, lifelike statue.

provoke, call forth.

pregnant, full.

waked to ecstasy, etc., become a great poet.

the spoils of time, history.

noble rage, ambition.

Hampden, who withstood Charles I.

heap the shrine, etc., flatter the rich and proud with poetical addresses.

madding, raging.

sequestered, separated, remote.

tenor, course.

uncouth, crude.

hoary-headed, gray.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT. To those who know Gray only in his *Elegy*, the delicate humor which he displays in this poem will prove a pleasant surprise.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Goldsmith, beloved of Garrick, Burke, Johnson, and the beautiful Miss Horneck, the "Jessamy Bride," was the ne'er-do-well of British poets, who really believed it "more blessed to give than to receive," who "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll," and who wrote himself and his humorous experiences into many forms of literature. The *Vicar of Wakefield* was his novel; *She Stoops to Conquer*, his great play; *The Traveler* and the *Deserted Village*, his serious poems. But his own portrait, awkward, unsuccessful, cheerful, lovable, is unconsciously painted in each.

THE ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG was sung to the family gathering at the Vicar's, by rosy-cheeked Bill Primrose at his reverend father's request.

Little Bill: "Which song do you choose, *The Dying Swan*, or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog?*"

The Vicar: "The *Elegy*, child, by all means. And Deborah, my life, you know grief is dry; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine, to keep up our spirits." Then, when the song is over, "A very good boy, Bill, upon my word; and an Elegy that may truly be called tragical. Come, my children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day be a bishop!"

WILLIAM COWPER

Cowper was another pioneer of the modern movement of his age in poetical form. Such men as Cowper and Gray are called *Romanticists*, because they rebelled, mildly or violently, as may be, against classicism, or the rule of accepted custom. The romanticists of one age may come to seem very conventional to the eyes of a later time. Is there not in our day a freedom of versification far beyond that of Gray and Cowper?

BOADICEA and ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE are poems which reflect in their simplicity and sympathy the mood which was usual in Cowper in his daily experience. But this habitual depression was delightfully interrupted by rays of tender joy, and even of rollicking fun. Of these periods of relief the *Epitaph on a Hare* illustrates one mood, and the *Diverting History of John Gilpin*, another.

CHARLES DIBDIN

A famous writer of sea-songs, of which two are given below. The music, also Dibdin's, to which they are set, is as much in character as the words themselves. So it is not to be wondered at that they have been sung with pleasure for generations.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

The brilliant, irresponsible, romantic beau, politician, orator, and dramatist,—bosom-friend of the Prince who finally became George IV. This little quatrain of the clever Irishman is of interest chiefly because it shows Fox “broke” as usual, and because it shows North witty as usual.

WILLIAM BLAKE

There is no more interesting personality among the poets of his age than William Blake; yet it is difficult to tell why. To say that he was tender-hearted to the point of fanaticism, does not give the right impression; nor to call his writings wonderful, and his paintings still more so; nor to enumerate other traits or accomplishments. There is something in the man, as he lived his seventy varied years in London, that convinces us of his genius, aside from anything he did or said. It is partly that everything he did or said was accompanied by an intense, a burning, sincerity. Before he became impressed with the sin and sorrow of the world he wrote the *Songs of Innocence* with unquestioning faith and hope. After the bitter fate of most of mankind was revealed to him in the life of London, he put forth the *Songs of Experience*, with a corresponding desolation of heart,—with awe, grief, and a tremulous sympathy. A glance at the two poems will illustrate the contrasting states of mind and heart in this great nature of his.

ROBERT BURNS

Many are the phases of genius in this Ayrshire ploughman that we cannot touch on here. He was not only by nature one of the greatest men; he was one of the very greatest writers of songs in all the world. His soul was a singing soul. The first six songs given below are love-songs: the first, passionate; the second, placid; the third, pathetic; the fourth, the address of an ancient wife to her dear old husband;

the fifth, winsome; the sixth, tragic. Then comes that cry of the soul of one, who, pitying the misfortune of the "wee beastie," gets betrayed into a reflection on the greater ruin of his own life. There are those who find the next poem, *For a' That*, somewhat hollow and boastful on the part of Honest Poverty. But such a one misses the rare thrill that comes from taking Burns at his simple word. The men of wealth and rank are apt to be the first to agree with the poet that simple manhood is the greatest thing.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS pulsates with that thought of life in the open, the free, and the familiar which cheers us through the winter's work. Not many of us could express our memories and fancies and longings with such a swift torrent of words.

AULD LANG SYNE is commonly sung at the breaking up of a gathering of friends. It has been well pointed out that it is a forward-looking song, particularly fit to be sung at the beginning of a reunion of old cronies. Sung first or last, it is the all but universal language of loyal friendship.

IN MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL we have a doughty Highland hero, overtaken at last by his political foe, and doomed to die on the "gallows-tree." With his bag-pipes he "dauntingly" played, and sang and danced, alone, to his own music. Such desperate courage deserved a better fate.

Another "true" poem, about a whole army of just such proud Scots as Macpherson, is found in the address of the younger Bruce, who fought his way to the Scottish crown. The stirring power of these lines would rouse the fighting blood of any man, especially when sung to their well-known tune.

airts, directions.

row, roll.

shaw, thicket.

fause, false.

wist, knew.

ilha, every.

staw, stole.

jo, sweetheart.

brent, smooth.

pow, poll, head.

canty, happy.

bide, endure.

stour, struggle.

yestreen, yestere'en, last night.

faut, fault.
drumlie, muddy.
birk, birch.
bickering, flickering.
brattle, scamper.
laith, loath.
pattle, paddle (carried to clean the plough).
whiles, sometimes.
daimen icker in a thrave, an occasional spear of grain in two dozen sheaves.
lave, rest.
silly, empty.
wa's, walls.
big, build.
foggage, grass grown up after the mowing.
snell, sharp.
coulter, cutter.
But, without.
hald, hold, refuge.
thole, endure.
cranreuch, hoarfrost.
a-gley, wrong.
hodden-gray, homespun.
birkie, smartie, stuck-up young fellow.
coof, coward.
ribbon, star, showing that he is a Knight of the Garter—a nobleman particularly honored by the king.
maunna fa', must not lay claim to.
bear the gree, win the prize.
roe, the red deer.
straths, river-bottoms, broad valleys.
wild-hanging, hanging over wild places.
auld lang syne, old long-past time.
pint-stoup, pint-measure.
braes, hills.
pou'd, pulled.
gowans, daisies.
fit, foot.
burn, brook.
dine, dinner.
braid, broad.

fiere, companion.
gie's, give us.
guid-willie waught, health.
sturt, trouble.
distain, stain.
rantingly, with boisterous gaiety.
wantonly, recklessly.
dauntingly, daringly.
low, lower.

LADY NAIRNE

Caroline Oliphant, Lady Nairne, was a famous Scotch beauty. She wrote many plaintive songs. *The Land o' the Leal*, *Caller Herrin'*, and *Will ye no come back again?* are especially familiar, in their melodious settings, to all lovers of Scotch minstrelsy. THE LAIRD o' COCKPEN exhibits her gift of that kind of humor which is akin to pathos.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Wordsworth lived eighty years. He followed Southey as Laureate. His young manhood was marked by two very significant things: he was an ardent sympathizer with the European movement for liberty which culminated in the French Revolution; and he brought out with Coleridge in 1798 a volume of poems called *Lyrical Ballads*, in which was expounded a new theory of poetry. The idea was that poetry called for simple themes treated in simple words, the language and the imagery of every day. Wordsworth's "Revolutionary" spirit soon evaporated, and he became staid, domestic, rural, devoted to his mountains and his lakes, and the human interests that they contain. But he never got far away from his youthful theory of great poetry in small words. Sometimes he kept to the simple language and fell short of the great thought. But in most of his lyrics, there is a purity of feeling and a majesty of utterance that appeal to his readers as admirable and moving.

THE SOLITARY REAPER gives what was doubtless one of Wordsworth's actual experiences on his walk through the hills of Scotland. But there is, as almost always, not only the relation of what the traveler saw and heard; there is also what followed the sight and sound, in the poet's mind. Experience and reflection—that is Wordsworth's favorite process, and it is a process worth the reader's while to share.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT, stanzas, giving in order, three views of the same woman—his sweetheart, his bride, and the wife of his old age. Do you find any verses delicately suggestive of Mrs. Wordsworth's appearance? Any of her character? Any one less beautiful than the rest?

The five SONNETS are selected from many. The first is an attempt on the part of the "Lake Poet" to feel the life of the city. Perhaps it is natural that it is the *sleeping* city that appeals to his imagination. Wordsworth and Charles Lamb were dear friends—a queer pair—and Lamb understood through and through the living London which to Wordsworth was largely a closed book, while Lamb had to confess that he on his part could not read the book of Nature.

The sonnet on MILTON and that on the Two VOICES of liberty, belong to the patriotic period of Wordsworth's life. His Sonnet to Sleep is very different from that of Sidney. And how completely THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US illustrates the poet's reverence for Nature!

It is one of the curiosities of literature that Wordsworth had no ear for music,—could not tell one tune from another. Yet he read in a musical voice, as well as with deep feeling and earnest thought. Mrs. Hemans says, "When he reads or recites in the open air, his deep, rich tones seem to harmonize with the thrilling tones of woods and waterfalls."

SYDNEY SMITH

Sydney Smith was a witty clergyman, universally popular, even greatly loved, first in his country parish, then in the high circles of London life.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Picturesque, romantic, friendly yet proud of his blood, writing poetry for love of the art and the local tradition, a superb horseman, and a lover of horses and of dogs, a passionate antiquarian, the most hospitable of entertainers, the most simple of great men—this was the man, Sir Walter. But to England in his time, and to America, too, he was the "Wizard of the North," the writer whose pen was a magic wand wherewith the beauty and the marvel of the past were made to live again. When, in 1814, he turned from making three long narrative poems, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the name he had won would have contented

any other man. But under a new and different creative impulse he produced a series of novels, mostly Scottish in theme and color, which dwarfed his fame as a poet.

LOCHINVAR is a galloping ballad (though not in true ballad metre) with events, characters, and dialogue tumbling over one another so fast that the young bride is snatched away before our very eyes. Do you catch the spirit of romance that stirred Sir Walter? Do you perceive how pleased he was with the aristocratic names of the Border Clans?

When you read PROUD MAISIE, don't fail to remember that people in Scott's day pronounced "early" "airly." Pronounce it so, and it will rhyme with "rarely." Remember also that "braw" is "brave," one of many French words in Scotch. This little story gets its pathos from what is left out almost as much as from what is said.

ROSABELLE has the same tragic theme as *Proud Maisie*,—the death of a young girl; but it is altogether a different story, and told by a different method. Is it more or less moving, to you, than the other?

This passage from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* is in Scott's strongest manner. It is sincere, compressed, eloquent. You will remember how dramatically it is used by Edward Everett Hale in his *Man Without a Country*.

The marching song of the "Blue Bonnets" is a lighter song than the dead-earnest *Scots wha' ha'e*, but is it not stirring to the blood? Is not the metre in the first line a perfect marching metre, and in the second does it not break in sympathy with the unfortunate recruit who's out of step? Does the air vibrate as you read it? If not, read it again till it does. The consonants, especially the hard c's, the rough r's, and the vigorous b's, are characteristic of the spirit of the leader, and of the rugged country and occasion.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

To one who knows what an endless talker Coleridge was, his EPICRAM on an epigram must seem remarkable. He has employed the same sort of cleverness in the lines which follow, which illustrate, verse by verse, the very feet of which he is giving the definition. It is a happy thought also which represents each foot as moving, one in one rate and gait, another in another. Of course this *Metrical Lesson* must be read aloud to be appreciated, and really deserves to be memorized by any one who wants to learn the queer Greek names for different types of metre.

The Greek names for various metrical feet are generally interpreted as follows, a long mark meaning in English a syllable accented, not necessarily prolonged:

Trochee / ~

Spondee / —

Dactyl / ~ ~

Iambus ~ /

Anapest ~ ~ /

Amphibrach ~ / ~

Amphimacer — ~ /

His sonnet, *WORK WITHOUT HOPE*, is a true reflection of the terrible sadness of Coleridge's life, that tragedy self-wrought, but dragging others in its ruin through the use of opium.

KUBLA KHAN. There is an ancient Greek legend which will help in the study of this poem,—the legend of the river Alpheus. This river of southern Greece does actually disappear into the sand of Olympia. It is also true that there is a noble fountain in the island of Sicily. To the Greek imagination the fountain is the river reappearing. Coleridge locates his pleasure dome on the river as it flows through its "Caverns measureless to man," and you will see, when you reach Shelley, that other uses were made of the legend by other poets. The legend may have for everybody this symbolic meaning—the triumphant rise of Greek literature, art, and science, in Sicily, after war had crushed it in Greece proper and driven it into exile.

Kubla Khan was described by Coleridge himself as a fragment. It is chiefly interesting from having been written with great swiftness as Coleridge came out from the influence of an anodyne, having dreamed as he slept of far more wonders, even, than are here set forth; for he was interrupted in his recording of them by a call from a prosaic visitor. Scenes and melodious lines alone do not make a great poem, but they do in this case reveal a genius for writing that should have produced many great poems. The *Ancient Mariner* is certainly one.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Southey was a great reader; he bought so many books that he had no money left for clothes; he was a great toiler with his pen, in both prose and poetry; he was devoted to his family, his friends, and the

simple pleasures of life; he loved nonsense and a merry time, but was far from being a genius, though he was "Laureate to the king."

THE CATARACT OF LODORE is not in the high sense a poem. Why? Yet could you make such a composition? Is there any part of it that is more poetical than another? Are you convinced that there was a good deal of commotion in the waters of Lodore?

MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE PASSED, on the other hand, is a beautiful poem, simple, sincere, restrained in its expression, imaginative, true; the "dead" being, of course, the authors whose "mighty minds" he "conversed with day by day" in their precious books.

BLANCO WHITE

Blanco White gave up his priesthood in the Romish Church of Spain and became an English Protestant. He was a writer and an editor, but produced nothing of permanent interest except the sonnet *To Night*. This one sonnet is universally thought one of the finest in the language.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Landor was a Rugby boy. At sixteen he left school after a fierce quarrel with the headmaster. About what, do you think? The quantity of a Latin syllable. And the queerest thing about the affair was that Landor was right, and the headmaster wrong! All his life he was contesting something with somebody, and was generally right, too. But sometimes he was grossly and absurdly wrong, and finally he had to leave England, and live in Italy, because his temper had betrayed him into such lawless violence.

Whether wrong or right, he was alive and active for ninety years. He looked like a lion; his "words were thunder and lightning;" his laughter, tremendous; his jokes, affections, and outbursts of wrath, "Olympian;" in his attitude toward women he was chivalry incarnate. "Landor was above all an artist and a man of letters, but there was an heroic temper in his work." There is humor (unconscious), truth, and pathos in the little quatrain in which he summed up his own life:

I strove with none; for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art.
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Campbell at fifty was Lord Rector of Glasgow University. One day on his way to the lecture-room he came upon his class in the campus pelting each other with snowballs. He joined in both heartily and skilfully, and then led the students to the hall and began his address. The poet spoke broad Scotch, wrote with great slowness and diffidence, devoted himself to the cause of any unfortunate people, especially the Poles, and, like many of his poetical contemporaries, is said to have had no ear for music. What is the evidence of his lyrics on this point?

Hohenlinden was not far from Munich. Here the Austrians (Huns) lost a great battle to the French (Franks). Campbell visited the scene soon after.

THOMAS MOORE

“Tom Moore,” as he was affectionately called, was an Irishman who made his home in London; wrote songs, mostly Irish, altogether sentimental; and sang them in the drawing-rooms of London’s society ladies in a way that was greatly moving to an Early Victorian company. Moore, himself, was sometimes so affected by his own performance, as to break down and burst into tears. As a man, he had a harmless vanity that was not displeasing; as a conversationalist, he was graceful and witty; as a writer of prose, he was known for his excellent lives of Lord Byron and Thomas Brinsley Sheridan.

Moore’s songs, like other songs, reveal much of their beauty only when read aloud or sung. The melodies of almost all Moore’s songs are his own. How appropriate they were may be judged from the most familiar of them all,—*The Last Rose of Summer*. His music for *Believe me if all those endearing young charms* is known to us all as the tune of *Fair Harvard*.

Tara’s Halls were on Tara’s Hill, not far from Dublin, the traditional abode of the Irish kings.

JANE TAYLOR

Jane Taylor was a member of a peculiar family. It was a common saying among the neighbors, that any Taylor could write poetry. Jane and her sister Ann did not attain as much prominence as their brother Isaac, but their work has lasted and his is forgotten. *Twinkle, Twinkle, little Star*, for example, is a very tiny classic, but it will shine on forever.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

Anyone else had as much right as Allan Cunningham to expect to write an English sea-song which should live. He was a Scotch stonemason—but he became a poet.

LEIGH HUNT

When Leigh Hunt was a schoolboy, his prose themes were so bad that the master used to crumple them up in his hand, and throw them to the boys for their amusement. Not a very promising beginning for a literary career! Yet he became a successful man of letters, and throughout a long life was as much enjoyed as a companion and loved as a friend as any other man in England. Fancy him—very tall and straight, with face long and highly expressive, and hair black and plentiful. He was still the same at eighty, except that his hair had become snowy white. To the end of his life he was cheery, companionable, unpractical, and a walker who thought nothing of twenty miles. He was the best of friends to Keats, and to many, many other men of letters.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS had its model in Schiller's poem telling the same story; and it became in turn, the model for Browning to follow, with his own kind of humor, in *The Glove*.

BARRY CORNWALL

Barry Cornwall was very handy with his fists. He made a name in the pugilistic art while at Harrow, and afterward went on a journey to meet the "Game Chicken," a well-known professional boxer. But he was noted during his long life for gentleness rather than pugnacity, and for an extraordinary tender sympathy for all whom he could serve. "No one who has passed an hour in the company of Charles Lamb's 'dear boy' can ever lose the impression made upon him by that simple, sincere, shy and delicate soul" (*Coventry Patmore*).

GEORGE GORDON BYRON

Byron's character and manners have been portrayed by various friends and enemies so variously that it is almost impossible to fix the mind upon a composite portrait and call that the true Lord Byron;

for it is evident that "both the censure and the praise are merited." He was brave, magnanimous and gracious, but also superstitious, petty, and vain. He had tremendous passions, both good and vicious, such conceit as to destroy his sense of humor, but flashes of patriotism and other noble sentiments as brilliant as the dazzling verse in which he meets our eye. He was a lover of horses, and an expert swimmer, though with a deformed foot. His face had a beauty and his expression a charm recognized by friends and foes alike. A story of his school days at Harrow will serve to illustrate the disposition of the man.

"While Lord Byron and Mr. Peel were at Harrow together, a tyrant some few years older . . . claimed a right to fag little Peel, which claim (whether rightly or wrongly I know not) Peel resisted. His resistance, however, was in vain; — not only subdued him, but determined also to punish the refractory slave; and proceeded forthwith to put his determination in practice, by inflicting a kind of bastinado on the inner fleshy side of the boy's arm, which, during the operation, was twisted around with some degree of technical skill, to render the pain more acute. While the stripes were succeeding each other and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend; and although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach —, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation asked very humbly if — would be pleased to tell him, "how many stripes he meant to inflict." "Why," returned the executioner, "you little rascal, what is that to you?" "Because, if you please," said Byron, "I would take half."

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB. Look up the Biblical account in II Chronicles, xxxii, 2, for the best story; and II Kings, xix, 35, for the most startling.

Ashur, Assyria.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO. This selection and the following one are taken from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, the story of a *childe*, or prince, on a search through the world for adventure and experience. *The Eve of Waterloo* and *The Ocean* both reveal the traveler's interest in nature and in humanity; but nature is emphasized in one passage, and human nature in the other.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, I like to think, shows Byron at his purest and best. It is one of a series of beautiful lyrics entitled *Hebrew Melodies*.

ON CHILLON, if compared with Lovelace's *To Althea* will yield a clear view of several points in which the poets differed, and the ages in which they lived. *Chillon* is a name to stir the heart of any man who hates fetters—of soul or body.

CHARLES WOLFE

Wolfe was a gifted Irish clergyman. Sir John Moore died in January, 1809, after a victorious skirmish with the French at Corunna, a fortified city on the Northwestern coast of Spain.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Shelley, when he was a boy, had a passion for chemistry, for climbing high and perilous places, and for sailing paper boats. Once, having at hand no other material, he made a boat of a fifty-pound note. Fortunately after an eventful voyage the costly craft was brought safe to shore. When he was interested in study or in writing, he forgot to eat or sleep, and when he was in danger, as of drowning, he was devoid of all sense of fear. He wouldn't put up with coarseness or bullying in anyone about him, either in college or in later life; and his generosity was unparalleled, even in a society of generous men. He and Leigh Hunt were intimate friends. Landor, who knew him well, says: "Innocent and careless as a boy, he possessed all the delicate feelings of a gentleman, all the discrimination of a scholar, and united, in just degrees, the ardor of the poet with the patience and forbearance of the philosopher. His generosity and charity went far beyond those of any man (I believe) at present in existence. He was never known to speak evil of any enemy, unless that enemy had done some grievous injustice to another; and he divided his income of only one thousand pounds with the fallen and the afflicted. This is the man against whom such clamors have been raised by the religious and the loyal, and by those who live and lap under their tables."

"As a lyric poet, Shelley, on his own ground, is easily great. Some of the lyrics are purely personal; some, as in the very finest, the *Ode to the West Wind*, mingle together personal feeling and prophetic hope for mankind. Some are lyrics of pure nature; some are dedicated to the rebuke of tyranny and the cause of liberty; others belong to the indefinite passion he called love, and others are written on visions of those shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses. They

form together the most sensitive, the most imaginative, and the most musical, but the least tangible lyrical poetry we possess."

"He wants the closeness of grasp of nature which Wordsworth and Keats had, but he had the power in a far greater degree than they of describing the cloud-scenery of the sky, the doings of the great sea, and vast realms of landscape. He is in this, as well as in his eye for subtle colour, the Turner of poetry. What he might have been we cannot tell, for at the age of thirty he left us, drowned in the sea he loved, washed up and burned on the sandy spits near Pisa. His ashes lie beneath the walls of Rome, and *Cor Cordium*, 'Heart of Hearts,' written on his tomb, well says what all who love poetry feel when they think of him."

To *SKYLARK* should be read for its music and its mounting fancies; not, like some other poems, for its meaning to the intellect, so much as for its sensuous beauty, beauty of sight and sound, and for the chance it gives everybody to forget earth, for once, and "float and run like an embodied joy" in a new element, the air. It should divide with *The Cloud*, which follows, the honor of being the favorite poem of all air-pilots. *THE CLOUD* has been called by a discerning critic the "most gorgeous poem in the English language."

ARETHUSA is the Fountain loved by Alpheus, the Arcadian river which we followed underground in *Kubla Khan*. Enna's mountains are in Sicily. If you wish to draw comparisons between a perfect work of art and what is called a *tour de force*, set *Arethusa* and Southey's *Lodore* side by side.

OZYMANDIAS has more pictorial power than many a poem of ten times its length. In reading it remember that the verb *survive* has two grammatical objects, *hand* and *heart*, in the following verse.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND. This is metrically one of the most interesting of poems. It is an example of an Italian form called *terza rima*. Observe how the second verse of every stanza introduces a rhyme which becomes dominant in the following stanza.

In its exaltation and its cries of pain and hope, this *Ode* is more than merely a sincere expression of a passing mood; it is the soul of Shelley, confessing, aspiring, and almost communing—a strange occupation for a young man who had been expelled from college as an atheist.

MRS. HEMANS

By no means a great poet, Mrs. Hemans wrote over twelve hundred octavo pages—plays, occasional verse, translations from many

tongues, and much poetry of the so-called *didactic* variety,—that which teaches a lesson.

Casabianca was Napoleon's Admiral of the Orient. At the Battle of the Nile, mortally wounded, he gave orders for his ship to be blown up rather than captured by Nelson. "The Boy" was thirteen years old.

JOHN KEATS

Shelley's life was shorter than Byron's; but Keats's was shorter than Shelley's. Moreover, his origin was so humble that we must be surprised that one could build so high in so few years from so low foundations. Shelley and Byron had blood, family traditions, and education on their side; Keats largely lacked them all, and health as well.

Leigh Hunt, his friend, wrote, "Keats, when he died, had just completed his five-and-twentieth year. He was under the middle height; and his lower limbs were small in comparison with the upper, but neat and well-turned. His shoulders were very broad for his size; he had a face in which energy and sensibility were remarkably mixed up: an eager power, checked and made patient by ill health. Every feature was at once strongly cut, and delicately alive. If there was any faulty expression it was in the mouth, which was not without something of a character of pugnacity. The face was rather long than otherwise; the upper lip projected a little over the under; the chin was bold, the cheeks sunken; the eyes mellow and glowing; large, dark, and sensitive. At the recital of a noble action, or a beautiful thought, they would suffuse with tears, and his mouth trembled. In this there was ill health as well as imagination, for he did not like these betrayals of emotion; and he had great personal as well as moral courage. He once chastised a butcher, who had been insolent, by a regular stand-up fight. His hair, of a brown color, was fine, and hung in natural ringlets."

The Mermaid Tavern was the resort of Shakspere, Ben Jonson, and the great though lesser wits of their acquaintance.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET was written in a spirit of competition with Leigh Hunt's. Which should you call the winner?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

Hartley Coleridge was the son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and therefore it is not surprising to find him, on one hand, a highly gifted

writer, and on the other, a pathetic figure, both physically and morally; for he inherited not only the genius of his father but his morbid desire for stimulants.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

A Scottish editor, who wrote a volume or two of poems. How does *The Cavalier's Song* compare with Browning's, in degree of reality? Which would be more likely to stir the blood and make for the success of the cause?

SAMUEL LOVER

A clever Irishman, who had success in three lines of art; he painted good portraits and wrote readable novels and verse. I wonder whether he is half as well known as his oft quoted character, Rory O'Moore.

THOMAS HOOD

Tom Hood was a great practical joker—one who could perpetrate jokes amusing even to the victim. There was no end to his cheerfulness, as the following incident will prove: "In his last illness, reduced, as he was, to a skeleton, he noticed a large mustard-plaster which Mrs. Hood was making for him, and exclaimed, "O, Mary, Mary, that will be a great deal of mustard to a very little meat!" His very last joke is said to have been an expression of satisfaction that he was at last "helping the undertaker to earn a liveli-hood."

He was a man of exquisite taste and deep sentiment; fond of children and children's fun; generous and tender to a fault towards those in pain or poverty; and brave and cheery in his acceptance of these calamities when they befell himself. His wit was free from bitterness, his humor unfailing, irresistible, and accompanied by true pathos.

RUTH is a beautiful poem partly because the *Book of Ruth* in the Bible is so beautiful.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Macaulay was one of the most gifted and versatile Englishmen of the 19th century. He crowded into less than sixty years an immense amount of writing, both prose and poetry, eminent services to the State, and a daily life full of "deeds of kindness and of love" to his family and his friends. He was the brilliant debater of the House of

Commons, a tireless conversationalist who never lacked fascinating material on any subject, and the creator of a style which has been and still is, in some respects, the most admirable in all English prose. There is no greater master of the English sentence or the English paragraph. Of course, Macaulay's greatest claim to eminence as a writer lies in the extent and interest of his biographical and historical works; but you remember Landor's lines about him as a poet, on page 149.

As a poet, his chief excellence consists in the vigor and swift movement of his tales of heroic action. The most famous, *The Lays of Ancient Rome*, portray the heroic spirit of the Roman Republic in verse not unlike the traditional verse of the English ballad.

In Ivry, the ballad lines are written in their original form,—couplets of seven beats. In the battle of Ivry, Henry of Navarre fought with small numbers, insufficient supplies, even food; but with a cheerfulness and courage which made him king of France. His cry, "Rally around my white plume," was as effective in the battle of Ivry, as Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

Newman is one of the few greatest masters of English prose. He was great also as a scholar and theologian. This hymn of his, so well known yet so unworn, is suggestive of the great religious struggle of his life, as a result, of which he definitely put aside all intellectual doubts, and embraced Faith as "the evidence of things not seen" by entering the Roman Catholic communion, where he eventually became a cardinal. In the things of the intellect, however, as contrasted with those of the spirit, Newman was to the last the most formidable debater in the age of intellectual giants,—the age of Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and Darwin, to mention a few of the eminent scientists only.

MRS. BROWNING

Elizabeth Barrett, secluded and invalid daughter of an English gentleman of wealth, wrote herself into Robert Browning's heart, and read him into her own, even before either had seen the other. Then they met, followed their romantic attachment with a romantic marriage, and that with a long life together of wedded joy in sunny Italy. The three SONNETS given here are selected from her series of

forty-four, written to her lover, given shyly to him after their marriage, by him entitled *Sonnets from the Portuguese* and published as "translations." These three are numbers one, fourteen, and forty-two of the series. A COURT LADY shows how sympathetically Mrs. Browning entered into the life of her Italian friends.

TENNYSON

Tennyson followed Wordsworth as Laureate. His works manifest not only genius but extraordinary cultivation—in science, history, legends, social problems, religion,—all infused with the truest national sympathy and the loftiest idealism. Superadded to all these traits and powers was the most varied and masterly gift of expression and an art which found no exertion too hard, and no aim too high; which neglected no detail of content or form; which wrought precious words into the most exquisite melody, grace, and power.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK is a quiet but touching lament for the loss of his dearest friend—Arthur Henry Hallam. It was for Hallam also that Tennyson wrote his greatest poem, *In Memoriam*.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE at Balaclava was on the Russians. Balaclava is a city of the Crimea, the great peninsula which extends down into the Black Sea. It was once, in the days of Ulysses, the city of the Laestrygonians, and its harbor is well described by Homer in the *Odyssey*.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM is called *higher* in contrast with that of the simple shepherds and goatherds who worshipped Pan in ancient Greece as the God of Nature.

A TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER is taken from the closing canto of the *Princess*, where Prince and Princess have become reconciled and aware of their deep need for each other. The Prince's ideal of woman was inspiring to Princess Ida, who had hitherto attempted a mannish rôle. It is also good for us to have such an ideal described in these days, when the place of woman in the world is being determined anew. It is an interesting passage to compare with Wordsworth's *She was a Phantom of Delight*, and with Byron's *She Walks in Beauty*.

THACKERAY

England's greatest novelist wrote verses as he drew pictures—for love,—love of fun, and love of people.

ROBERT BROWNING

To the eye of the reader it would appear that Browning laid less emphasis on mere beauty of form in poetry than Tennyson, more on its spirit and substance. The result of this impression is that Tennyson *seems* as an artist greater than Browning. But when one has broken through the crust of Browning's style—abrupt, vigorous, outspoken, half-spoken,—one may be more often moved and more deeply moved than by Tennyson's smoother art. Each of these great masters had his own view of what constituted art. Something of the contrast may be seen by studying together Tennyson's *Crossing The Bar* and Browning's *Prospice* or (*The Epilogue to "Asolando"*), each a poem which deals with the thought of the poet himself about the end of earthly life, and the continuance of life beyond the grave. Browning is one of the manliest of poets—in his courage, his frankness, and his passion both of admiration and of scorn; and in his own free and radical style he is a great artist—one of the Olympians.

PHEIDIPPIDES. The Greek motto means, Rejoice, we conquer! The first stanza is an invocation to Pan, the God of Nature.

Dæmons, spirits.

Ye of the bow and buskin, Phœbus and Artemis.

tettix, a gold grasshopper which each archon wore as a sign of his office as one of the rulers of Athens. The pride of the archon arose from his being a native-born Athenian. Like the grasshopper, he had *sprung from the soil* (look up *autochthon* in the Standard Dictionary).

CAVALIER TUNES. Note how the metre tramps into the inn in the first song, stops to revel in loyalty in the second, and then gallops off in the third. The *spirit* of these songs is what makes them worth reading. Details such as words and allusions are of far less relative importance than usual.

MY LAST DUCHESS, the most awful self-conviction possible for the complacent, proud, flint-hearted Duke. He is the embodiment of elegance and breeding, artistic taste and business shrewdness. But the motive in all is self-love. How curious it is that after all, the better we know the Duke, the easier it is for us to forget him, and think only of his beautiful wife, who was as unselfish and lovable as woman could be.

TRAY is a plea against vivisection. Browning loved all animals, but especially dogs and horses.

EDWARD LEAR

Lear was the first great English writer of nonsense rhymes. Ruskin placed Lear's *Nonsense Book* at the head of his "One Hundred Greatest Books." Of course this honor was paid to the entertaining and refreshing powers of the book—its funny verses and pictures, not to anything that is ordinarily recognized as *great* poetry or art.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Friend of Tennyson, and Hallam, and especially of Matthew Arnold, who succeeded him in the chair of poetry at Oxford; friend also of Longfellow and his fellow-workers on this side of the Atlantic, for he was resident at Cambridge for several years.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Kingsley was a great man who took pleasure in childlike fun and simple good-feeling. One would hardly guess the great novelist or social reformer, from his *Water Babies*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Matthew Arnold was the famous son of the famous Dr. Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby. Most of his poems are too serious or too difficult for young readers. But there are exceptions, as *Sohrab and Rustum*, which is often read by schoolboys. Arnold was a scholar, critic, lecturer, and expert on education. His services to the schools and universities of England were invaluable. He was long inspector of the schools of England, doing all in his power to make popular education sound and attractive, and he was for thirty years Professor of English Poetry at Oxford.

COVENTRY PATMORE

Coventry Patmore was a widely known writer of both prose and verse, and he was twenty-two years one of the librarians in the British Museum.

LEWIS CARROLL

Lineal descendant, as humorist, of Edward Lear. He is best known by his two "Alice" books—*Alice in Wonderland*, and *Through the Looking Glass*, stories which he wrote for real live children whom he loved, but which are read, remembered, quoted, and enjoyed, every day, by grown-up women and men in England and in America too. By his real name, Charles L. Dodgson, he was known as a great mathematician.

GEORGE DU MAURIER

This clever half-Frenchman brought to bear on the pages of *Punch* the perennial rays of his wit and humor, not only in the quaintest and most entertaining of clean jokes, but in the incomparable pictures he drew to match them. When he was old and growing blind, he surprised the world at large by producing the most widely discussed novel of its decade—*Trilby*.

EDWARD BOWEN

Distinguished not as a poet, but as a schoolmaster. Yet, teaching at Harrow for forty years, he wrote for the boys and men of that great school the greatest of all school songs—**FORTY YEARS ON**, the song which is known as the Harrow National Anthem. Yet this was only one of many good songs, and they were as fortunately set to music by the great organist and composer, John Farmer, whose term of service at Harrow largely coincided with Edward Bowen's. Bowen was remarkable in many ways, but in none more than his participation in the football games of the school up to the last year of his life. He died of heart-disease, while he was making his annual bicycle-trip of research on one of the battle-fields of Europe. The country in which Cæsar's campaigns were waged was the object of Bowen's special interest, and his knowledge of it was so intimate that the *Commentaries* became, in his class room, a living narrative.

AUSTIN DOBSON

There is a rare spirit in these three selections—gentleness, delicacy, wit, heroism, all finding expression in lines that exquisitely suggest the *Frenchiness* and quaintness of certain verse of the Seventeenth Century, called *vers de société*.

THE CURE'S PROGRESS describes the morning walk of a village priest humble in station but sweet and large in spirit.

grande place, the big square.

Hotel de Ville, the town hall.

fleuriste, flower-girl.

pompier, fireman.

marché, market.

pain d'epice, gingerbread.

Merchant of fruit, transliterates *Marchand de fruit*, which Dobson evidently expects the reader to supply, to rhyme with the second line below.

Ma foi, oui, my faith, yes.

Bon Dieu garde M'sieu, May the good God care for Monsieur!

Sous Prefet, Deputy Police-Magistrate.

Urceus Exit, It turned out a jug. Here is a note by Mr. Robinson, the Latin Master of Lawrenceville: "At the beginning of the *Ars Poetica*, Horace objects to excessive freedom of the artistic imagination, and argues that a work should be consistent with itself. He shows the absurdity of combining serpents with birds, and lambs with tigers, and continues—*Amphora cœpit institui, currente rota cur urceus exit?*" (A Greek vase begins to be shaped; why, as the wheel turns, should it come out a common jug? An ode was intended, and it came out a sonnet!)

WILLIAM MORRIS

Morris was one of a group of young men, living in or near London, who sought to raise standards of living and of taste to the simplicity and beauty of their dreams. He invented the "Morris Chair"; led interesting enterprises in the manufacture of household furniture and decorations, and in printing; preached a powerful socialism; and wrote much poetry of a vigorous but melancholy quality which concerned itself largely with legends of the heroic pagans of Northern Lands. The life of Morris was full to the brim with interesting activities, and his services to English life in his day were not only great but thoroughly wholesome.

WILLIAM HENLEY

Henley was an editor, a critic, a poet, a friend of Stevenson's, and a man of vigor and intellect, but given to strong prejudices, even to bitterness.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Stevenson was a lifelong and heroic invalid, a cheerful and inspiring friend to many different kinds of people, a great artist in prose, and a sweet singer in verse.

WILLIAM WATSON

One of the most notable living poets of Great Britain.

HENRY NEWBOLT

Among contemporary poets, Newbolt is distinguished for variety, elegance, truth of fact and feeling, and reverence and tenderness of spirit. These qualities of mind, joined with a flexible and painstaking art, should spell greatness.

*Qui procul hinc, qui ante diem
Periit; sed miles, sed pro patria.*

Who died far from here and before his time, but as a soldier should, for his country.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Born in India, inheriting an artistic nature, deriving from his surroundings a sense of the imperial greatness of England, traveling widely and observing keenly, entering deeply into the enthusiasms and prejudices of many classes of men, Kipling finally became the amateur spokesman of the consciousness of the British Empire. As no other man has done, he has taught the parts of the Empire to known one another, and in some degree he has taught the Empire to know itself.

RECESSATIONAL. Victoria's week of Diamond Jubilee was over, and the glories which had filled London with oratory and "the pomp of power" were fading, when in the columns of the *Times* appeared, with the modesty of filial devotion, these inspired lines, at once a glorious tribute to the magnificence of British power and a plea to Britain to lay that power at the feet of God.

JOHN MASEFIELD

The most obvious power of this new English poet is the power to tell a story in verse so vividly that the reader forgets the words and

thinks only of the actions and the feelings of the characters. But this is not his only gift. He has made beautiful poems of description and reflection, a volume of rare sonnets, and two tragedies. In all his work there is strength, sincerity, insight, and an easy mastery of expression. As in the case of Clough and Thackeray, Stevenson and Kipling, Masefield has warm personal ties binding him to America.

ALFRED NOYES

Like Masefield, Noyes is as well known and appreciated in America as in England. His favorite themes are drawn from the folk-lore of England and from English history and tradition. There is brilliant promise in the lively imagination no less than in the swift and musical verse of this very real young poet.

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